

A

THOUSAND MILES IN A "DUG-OUT"

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O-di-di.

A THOUSAND MILES

IN A

DUG-OUT;

Being the Narrative of a Journey of Investigation

AMONG THE

Red-skin Indians of Central Brazil,



BY

FREDERICK C. GLASS,

WITH PREFACE BY

REV. J. STUART HOLDEN, M.A.



South American Evangelical Mission.

—
1911

PREFACE.

This little book needs no commendation to those whose sympathy is already awakened in the Missionary operations of the Church of Christ. It is the record of a prospecting journey undertaken by Mr. Glass, of the South American Evangelical Mission, on the river Araguaya, in the heart of Brazil, and forms a narrative of thrilling interest. Mr. Glass' object in this hazardous travel was to discover the possibilities of Gospel work amongst the entirely neglected Caraja Indians, and the whole record forms a strong case for the immediate establishment of a forward movement to reach them with the Truth in this, the day of so manifest opportunity.

"A need known, and the power to supply it," has frequently been urged upon the Church of Christ as constituting a Divine Call; and

surely in this case it applies. A fine race of men, full of possibility, which only the Gospel can realize, left to live and die in the darkness of ignorance—an easy prey to the adversary—is surely a pathetic spectacle to men and angels; and one which must move us with compassion of a practical sort. This is the aim of the story which Mr. Glass gives us in these pages, which I pray may move many to a sense of responsibility which shall become an impulse to service for Christ and His “other sheep.”

J. STUART HOLDEN

St. Paul's,

Portman Square, W.

July, 1911.

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Introduction.



GOYAZ is an old-fashioned city, containing about 8,000 inhabitants, and situated right in the heart of the Brazilian interior. It can be reached from the Capital of the Republic by a journey of four days by rail and another 300 miles by mule-back. In spite of its backward, decadent condition, this city is the Capital of the great State of Goyaz—one of the largest in Brazil, having an area nearly equal to that of Great Britain and France combined. In all this vast extent of country there is not a single factory of any description, nor does it possess any steam engines, except one belonging to a small, travelling round-about. The city has no drainage system, or water supply, and is only lighted on dark nights by smoky, kerosene lamps. There are two political and theological organs, but not a single newspaper, in a country which was opened up to the world nearly two hundred years ago.

In the State of Goyaz the South American Evangelical Mission has several prosperous Mission Stations among the Brazilians, including one recently opened in the Capital itself, which forms an advanced post towards the great Indian territories which stretch away in a westerly and north-westerly direction to the Brazilian frontiers with Bolivia and Peru.

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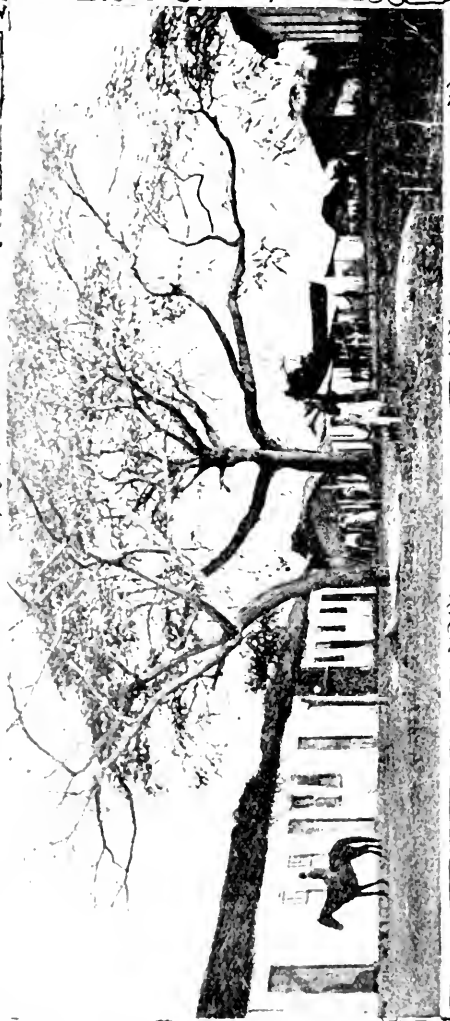
For some years it has been the prayerful desire of this Mission that some steps may soon be taken to carry the Gospel of the Kingdom to the redskins of the Araguaya river, and first to the tribe known as the Carajás ; for the city of Goyaz forms an excellent base from which to reach these people.

A preliminary journey of exploration was resolved upon with the view of obtaining information about these Indians—their numbers, their location, and their probable attitude towards any attempt to establish an evangelising work among them, and this was the motive of the journey related in the following narrative.

At the time of writing (1909) there does not exist a single Protestant Mission amongst the numerous tribes of Brazil, who, neglected or forgotten, have been permitted to drift away for nearly two hundred years, since the time when the first Gospel missionary to their North American brethren gladly laid down his life for the cause, and the Church awoke to a sense of her responsibility to these benighted races.

It is the earnest prayer of the author that this narrative may succeed in arousing an interest in, and love towards these splendid people, as yet untrammelled by chains of caste or idolatry, and may conduce to some definite acts of self-consecration and sacrifice on their behalf.





The Main Street of Santa Leopoldina.

Chapter I.

THE DEPARTURE.

IT was on 16th July, 1909, that O-di-di and I saddled our mules and set out from Goyaz City for the port of Leopoldina, on the banks of the River Araguaya.

O-di-di is himself a Carajá Indian belonging to the tribe we were about to visit, and he had come to Goyaz about eight months previously on a visit, with several other redskins, all in their natural state and without clothing. We gave them such a warm welcome that O-di-di expressed a desire to stay with us, to "improve himself" as he said, the rest returning to their native village. He cut his long hair, donned the clothes I provided him with, and took up his residence with us, calling me his father. I found him apt to learn, and he soon mastered the alphabet and could write a good, clear, round hand, though his knowledge of Portuguese was very limited indeed.

His advent in Goyaz just at that time seemed to be providential, as I was then already making preliminary arrangements to visit his people, and at once I realized that his presence with me would greatly facilitate the objects of my journey.

The distance from Goyaz to Leopoldina is 128 miles, but owing to several delays on the journey we did not arrive there until the 22nd of the month.

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The road generally was good, though very stony in places. The scenery, except in a few spots, was uninteresting and monotonous, and very unlike the rest of the State. For a distance of 32 miles before reaching the river the country is perfectly flat, and covered with low trees, which shut out the view, and in the dry season this district is practically waterless, except for a few half-stagnant pools. In the flood season, however, this section resembles one vast, shallow lake, covered with miniature islands, which, however, afford no resting place for the traveller, who can barely distinguish his path by the clearing between the trees, so that during that period of the year the road is very little used, and Leopoldina is almost isolated.

Santa Leopoldina do Araguaya is a village of about fifty houses, with perhaps 250 inhabitants. Some of the houses are fairly well built and roofed with red tiles, the remainder being mud huts of the usual type, with the roofs thatched with the leaves of the burití palm. There is also a tiny Catholic chapel, visited once a year by a Dominican friar.

We were most hospitably received and lodged by Senhor Paes Leme, the village postmaster, whose wife is of Chavante Indian origin, and her treatment of us was kindness itself. I found that my boxes, which had been sent on some days previous to our departure, had arrived safely, and that the provisions I had ordered for the journey were available; but the canoe which I had purchased from an agent in Goyaz was not to be found, and at last I discovered that it had been broken up several years before, and that I had been swindled. The outlook was bad, and a long



The Start.



The "Dug-Out" in which
Mr. Glass journeyed
down the Araguaya.

*O-di-di is seen
holding the
pole.*

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delay seemed probable, but within 24 hours of our arrival I had managed to arrange for the hire of a very serviceable-looking *igarité* (dug-out canoe) on the payment of a little more than £2.

My next business was to find a good *camarada* (pilot or guide) for the journey, and I did not meet with great success when I secured the services of old Sylverio, and his boy, for the equivalent of about £7 for the full journey. All was ready by Saturday afternoon, and we rigged up a good sun awning in the rear of the *igarité* for my special benefit, and Monday morning was fixed for our departure.

Meanwhile I held two lantern services in the house of my host, and they were thronged with attentive audiences. On the Sunday evening I held a simple Gospel service, and about 50 persons listened with sympathetic interest to the "glad tidings of great joy." At the close some shook me by the hand and expressed their satisfaction and full agreement with all that I had said, and thus the way is paved for future work, and, I trust, fruit, in what promises to be an important city in the future.

We left Santa Leopoldina early on Monday morning, 26th July, embarking in our 25 foot *igarité*, which is a kind of glorified dug-out, or canoe cut out of a solid log, with its sides raised by two rows of boards nailed around the edge, and with a small platform at each end. The canoe is propelled by single-bladed paddles.

Our crew consisted of the old, half-caste Brazilian, Sylverio ; his son, Manoel, a lad of about 12 years of age ; and O-di-di the Carajá, accompanied by a dog.

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The boat was well loaded down with the food and necessities for the whole voyage, about half a ton in weight altogether, the last package embarked being a large sack of oranges, a parting gift from our kind friend, Senhor Leme.

A little group stood at the water's edge to witness our departure and to wish us a "feliz viagem" (good voyage) and at last we were really afloat on the River Araguaya, engaged on the most important and perhaps most adventurous journey of my life. I felt a thrill of satisfaction when a turn in the stream hid Leopoldina from sight, and there stretched before us the solitary grandeur of this splendid river. Even at this tremendous distance from the sea (nearly 2,000 miles) and in the driest period of an exceptionally dry season, the river averages about 300 yards in width, occasionally opening out to a quarter of a mile, or more, especially at places where it is divided by small islands or dry sandbanks. It is not all deep water, however, and the navigable stream for laden boats, such as ours, zig-zags about from one side of the river to the other, enormously increasing the distance actually travelled. The most beautiful feature of the Araguaya, and that which makes the deepest and most lasting impression on the explorer, is its clean, silvery shores, resembling the finest sands of the seaside. They are often over a quarter of a mile wide, unmarred by stick or stone, or anything other than the numerous tracks of the turtle, the tapir, the capivara (a species of large, wild pig) and lastly, but not less interesting, the sinister footprints of the Brazilian tiger, the sworn enemy of all the others. The tiger has a notorious liking for turtles and their

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eggs, but I fancy a fat capivara would be more gratifying and substantial. The tracks of these various animals and of innumerable birds are full of interest, and all the 'more so when it is remembered that they are all freshly made, for the strong, northerly wind quickly obliterates them each day, leaving the sands quite clean and smooth, as though never trodden before. We sometimes passed the sites of an Indian village, perhaps only abandoned a few days before, with nothing to be seen but an upright pole or two, and a few dry turtle shells, to indicate that it had ever been occupied.

These sandbanks often form islands in the centre of the river, and in the course of time vegetation appears, and in a few years probably a small forest of trees will clothe its surface, until some heavy flood of the river will sweep trees and sandbank away, without leaving any trace of their existence. At times the sandy banks of the river give place to stretches of dense, virgin forest, the trees of which grow right down to the water's edge, extending their branches far out across the river, and woe betide the unwary navigator who is caught beneath them in the flood season.



Chapter II.

LIFE ON THE ARAGUAYA.



SOON after losing sight of Leopoldina, Sylverio, whom I had installed as pilot, began to complain that the boat was heavy to steer, so I took his place, and set him paddling with O-di-di and the boy; and in spite of the very poor rowing of my crew, I found the old tub of a canoe, materially assisted by the strong current, was making quite six miles an hour; a satisfactory speed, only discounted by the remembrance that on the return journey this friendly current would then be our strongest adversary.

Eight miles down the river I stopped at a farm called Dumbazinho, at the mouth of one of the innumerable lakes of the Araguaya, where I shipped some salt dried beef to complete my stock of provisions, which had already included a supply of black beans, rice, fat, farinha (flour of mandioca root), and 62 bricks of raw sugar.

About mid-day we ran our canoe on a sandbank, mid-stream, for rest and for "jacuba," which is the name for the usual mid-day meal on the river, consisting of dry farinha, water, and a little scraped sugar brick. We generally rested about an hour this way every day, though I often substituted for the "jacuba" a cup of tea, made under the tolda with

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my spirit lamp. During our first halt, O-di-di, who is evidently beginning to feel quite at home (though he has not doffed his clothes, as people prophesied he would), started running over the sands in search of turtle eggs, and in a few minutes he re-appeared with about 50—quite a welcome addition to our larder.

There are two kinds of turtles, which are commonly found in the Araguaya, the smaller, called “Caracajá,” lays about 15 to 20 hard-shelled, oval-shaped eggs, a little smaller than a hen’s egg. They are found buried about nine inches below the surface in the sand, which at that depth is slightly moist. The nest is usually located by the tracks of the tortoise leaving the river to deposit its eggs, but an Indian’s eye can often detect a nest, though a friendly wind may have completely covered up the tracks left by the animal, and apparently all trace of the nest too. But for these winds the “tartaruga” (turtle) would soon be exterminated, so many are the animals, besides man, which prey upon its eggs.

The larger turtle quite resembles the smaller species in colour and appearance, though often four or five times its size. Its eggs, however, are round, with a soft, elastic shell, and often number over fifty to each nest, which is very much deeper in the sand than the other. Both kinds of eggs are of the same flavour, and are generally eaten raw, beaten up with farinha and raw sugar.

The turtle itself is considered a great delicacy, and prized by red and white people alike, but though I tried it on several occasions I cannot say that I

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appreciated it very much, it was too much like eating a five-year-old fowl, seasoned with sand. The eggs, too, have rather an odd taste, reminding one strongly of brimstone and treacle, until I found a more appetizing way of preparing them, viz., by frying with a little salt and farinha. The eggs, when boiled in their shells some hours with a little salt, and then thoroughly dried in the sun, will keep good for a month or more.

The turtle is well protected, and with its head and legs drawn in, can defy any attack, even that of a crocodile, but the tiger soon makes short work of the poor creature by inserting his long claws in the leg-holes. The head, however, he leaves religiously alone, as even after a part of the body is consumed, its terrible little jaws can give a nip that can never be shaken off. Some of these turtles are large enough to carry a man seated on their backs. They are generally caught with a small, barbless hook, baited with mandioca root.

The Carajá method of cooking the poor animal alive is most revolting: they balance the live turtle on two stones and then build a fire beneath, and thus stew it whole in its own shell, the poor creature kicking its feet and writhing its neck until nearly cooked. The Indians laughed when I expressed my indignation, their only excuse for the custom being that the turtle is very hard to kill.

Half-an-hour before sunset the *igarité* was drawn up alongside a fine, broad stretch of clean, white sand, to pass the night there. We found it was an island, so after dinner, O-di-di and I, armed with lines,

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crossed over to the far side, where the channel was narrow, and the warmer water attracted certain kinds of fish. I cast my line in, and it had barely struck the water before it was almost wrenched from my grasp, and in a few minutes I had hauled in the largest fish I had ever caught; it is called a "pintado," and weighed about nine pounds. In about 30 minutes we had caught almost as much fish as we could carry back to our camp. It was more than we needed for our own use, and served to feed the dog for a day or two.

On our first night down the river we slept fairly well, having paddled about forty miles. I arranged my bed on a dry ox-hide under the tolda, the others sleeping out on the cool sands, in the broad moonlight. I had little rest at first; the novelty of the situation, the occasional strange sounds of animals and fish around us, and the monotonous cries of certain night birds, kept me awake until my weariness took the upper hand and I slept until daybreak.

As soon as we had partaken of our usual early morning cup of strong coffee (without which the average Brazilian believes he could not exist), we paddled on our way. I took the helm oar again, which I began to discover was no easy post, as the frequent cross currents and small whirlpools were continually tending to throw the canoe broadside to the stream, or to spin it right round in the centre of the river in a most disconcerting manner, while the crew looked on and smiled as I struggled to get her head right again. It is necessary to keep an eye constantly on the prow of the *igarité*, and there is very little opportunity of looking around unless one

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is a practised hand. After a day or two I relinquished this post, and installed O-di-di definitely as pilot, where he seemed quite at ease, and managed the canoe with such skill and judgment that we had no more "roundabouts."

I discovered that the camarada, Sylverio, was a very cool, slow-going individual, who expected to do as little as possible, and evidently intended to have an easy time. Though nearly as deaf as a post, he replied affirmatively, with a solemn wag of the head, to all my admonitions and exhortations, with his monotonous "Sim, Senhor" ("Yes, Sir"). His deafness certainly had its advantages, for I could grumble at him without making him sulky, saying cutting things when occasion demanded, and urge him on to my heart's content, certain that he would not take offence, because he didn't hear a word! I had no one to converse with but O-di-di and the boy; the latter was not very bright, and O-di-di's knowledge of Portuguese was as limited as my own knowledge of the Carajá tongue, but perhaps this only enabled me the better to devote my attention to the beautiful sights and sounds around me.

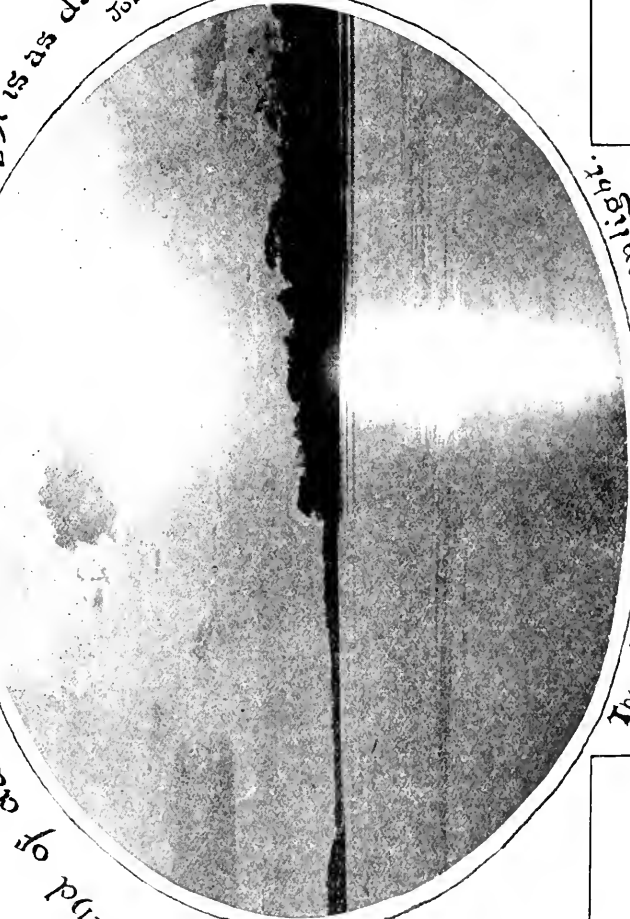
The birds of the Araguaya are astonishing in their number and variety. There are many kinds of large birds, 3 or 4 feet high, such as the big, white "jabirú" (kind of stork), which, with his ungainly black bill and pouch, likes to stand balanced on one leg, in line with his companions ranged in a long row, like soldiers on parade. The graceful "baharí," (goshawk) with its long, slender legs and blue and white wings, follows the river's course for great distances; and there are other large crane-like birds, of a vivid pink colour all over, which generally travel in pairs. These are but

where

Land of darkness

the light is as darkness

Job X. 22.



The river Araguaya — by moonlight



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a few of the many varieties of large birds, the smaller ones being innumerable : parrots, macaws, humming birds, and in the early morning long lines of ducks of all colours and kinds streak the sky in all directions. With the exception of these latter, very few of the large birds are fit for food, though there are some, like the "motúm" and "jacú," which are as large and palatable as a turkey.

Crocodiles are numerous, and at intervals we saw these repulsive and cruel reptiles slide down into the river from a sandbank, when disturbed by the splash of our paddles. On the second night we hauled our canoe on the edge of a sandbank a quarter of a mile wide, to the discomfort of one of these reptiles, which evidently made that it's night quarters also. We had covered fifty miles that day.

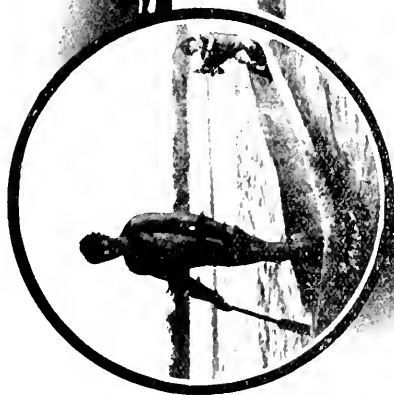
The next morning we were up and away ere daybreak, and the first rays of the rising sun across the broad expanse of the Araguaya produced an effect beyond my power to describe.

We were paddling hard to keep warm in the keen, morning air, and were making the canoe fly through the water, when suddenly I was rather startled by a loud report just behind me, resembling somewhat the sharp snap of high pressure steam, and turning my head I made my first acquaintance with what has been styled "the whale of the Araguaya." It is really a big fish, 6 to 8 feet long, of great girth, and of a greyish green colour, with a most peculiar head, resembling that of the sea-horse. It is perfectly harmless, and owing to the variety of its amusing snorts and wheezes, as well as its habit of following

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up the canoe for miles, it is a great friend and favourite with travellers on the river. It spurts fine sprays of water from its nostrils as it pauses for a second on the water's surface, and then dives, to re-appear half a minute later on the opposite side of the canoe, or far ahead, for when it likes it can travel at a great speed, and the small fish, to escape its rush, leap out of the water by hundreds, flashing brightly in the sunlight. The "boto" (as it is called) is of no use for food, though it is sometimes harpooned for the sake of the oil it contains ; but this entertaining companion seldom falls a victim even to the sport fiend, who kills for the sake of killing.

So far as we had yet gone after leaving the farmhouse a little below Leopoldina, we had not seen a single vestige of habitation or of humanity during the 110 miles we had travelled. Throughout the course of this magnificent river all is grandly primitive, silent, and lonely, untouched by the hand of man. Just before stopping as usual for breakfast, we were at last agreeably surprised by the appearance of three big "ubás" (dug-out canoes), with a dozen or so Carajás on board, travelling up the river. They were all men : big, corpulent, and quite naked, and looked wonderfully interesting in that early morning light. I would not let our canoe stop, as I was anxious to make good time that day in order to reach the first Indian village early in the day, besides which my mission concerned the Indians of the Bananal Island chiefly. The passing conversation between them and O-di-di was rapid, and sustained in a half-jocular spirit, and would have been interesting, I am sure, had I been able to understand it.



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The river continued to average about the same width, and was so transparently clear that the bottom could be easily seen. We passed several large lakes this day, including the Saudade and Dumbá, the latter being about 20 miles in length. The entrance to these lakes, just at this season, is very small and shallow, and often very difficult to find, though the lake itself may be large and deep. The narrow entrances are nearly always jealously guarded by enormous crocodiles, against which care must be taken, as they will sometimes defend themselves against the intruders and might overturn the canoe.

About mid-day Chrichas was sighted, a Carajá village of some 8 houses and 70 people in all. We ran the nose of our *igarité* on the sandy island about a hundred yards from the huts, and several redskins ran out to greet us. Leaving the canoe with my three companions, I walked across the hot sand to the village, accompanied by two stalwart young giants, with their bodies stained a bright red, and a black design on top, this being their only dress, yet withal their native dignity and carriage were worthy of a foreign ambassador. I found the village consisted of lightly constructed huts of palm leaf of a roomy character, the larger ones being arched, about 15 feet wide and 30 feet deep, open at one end, the only furniture being the usual reed mats stretched on the sand. Occasionally there was also a curiously made stool, somewhat resembling a double-headed tortoise with a flat back, a long nose, and staring eyes of pearl shell fastened on with bee's wax. The smaller huts are of the usual angular shape, and all were scrupulously clean and sweet. There are no bad

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smells about an Indian village, owing, perhaps, in part to the fresh, dry air that blows over the sandy plains, where not a trace of vegetation is visible.

One of the redskin warriors conducted me to the hut of the chief; a tall, finely built man, of keen, aquiline features, and the usual Japanese type of eyes. Beyond his beautiful long, black hair, which fell in loose tresses to below his shoulders, he, like all other Indians of the tribe, had no hair whatever on any other part of his body, which was as smooth and shiny as a billiard ball. They even pull the hair out of their eye-brows, as they consider it a blemish, and generally serve the eye-lashes the same way. The chief, who was a man of about 50, was ill and lying on a mat outside his residence, shielded from the hot sun by a light erection of palm leaves. His wife, a big, hearty-looking woman, was kneeling at his side, with her fists pressed into his stomach to afford relief of some kind. She showed real concern, and I regretted my inability to help the old chief, who was evidently suffering much pain. He spoke a little Portuguese, and we conversed together for some time, he immediately arousing himself and betraying great interest when I mentioned our desire to live and work among the Carajás. "Ah, yes," he said, "we need it, they work for the Bororó and the Caiapó, but nothing is ever done for the Carajá" (referring to the work of the Dominican and Franciscan monks). "Be sure," he said, earnestly, in conclusion, "and tell me when and where it is to be, and do not deceive me."

I then visited all the huts one by one, and found them as clean and pleasant as the chief's, though

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so primitive. The interior of the hut is generally covered with bows and arrows of all kinds, Indian clubs, armlets, and feather ornaments of curious design. Scattered around are numerous calabashes of all sizes and shapes, and earthen pots with strong concoctions of food, which it might be well not to taste, while one can often see little piles of cooked sweet potato here and there, as well as mandioca root.

Producing some fish-hooks I handed one to each of the Indians. These they received with eagerness and evident satisfaction. If you displease a Carajá by not being liberal enough with your gifts, you are soon made aware of it, for they look at one another with a most solemn expression and say, "Ebina, ebina" (it is bad, it is bad). And if you gratify one, it is necessary to gratify all to the same extent, which is not always convenient. If this is not done, those who have received a gift will call attention to those who have been omitted in the distribution, and with a most aggrieved air make it understood what is expected. Under these circumstances a small supply of presents would be worse than none at all, but happily I was well supplied, thanks to the generous help of friends, young and old, far away in the comfortable, happy home lands.

After visiting all the huts in succession and making myself at home on the proffered mats, I found it time to move on, so walked back to the canoe.

On reaching the igarité I found it surrounded by huge Indians, among whom we seemed as pigmies. Some were squatting most unceremoniously on our

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canoe, others in the water, while the rest were gravely seated on the shore. They were very quiet, dignified and self-respecting, but evidently expecting something. Most travellers carry tobacco for such occasions, and I was probably the first to venture down the Araguaya without it.

Leaving the Carajás, we travelled a little lower down the river, where I found a small village of some six or eight Brazilian families hidden away among the trees on the river bank. I visited them, had some good talks on the Gospel theme, and left a few Gospels of St. Luke with them. They tell me that a friar visits them about every four years. I purpose sending them tracts regularly in future, with the co-operation of our friend, the postmaster of Leopoldina. We finally left them at sunset and paddled some five miles in the bright moonlight, selecting a high, dry sandbank for our quarters for the night.

The sand retains its warmth for some hours after sunset, and we lay around our camp-fire enjoying the cool air and moonlit waters of the Araguaya, while I had a long talk with O-di-di, first about the moon and stars, and then about the Creator of the whole universe, and how that He loved the Carajás also, and wanted them to be with Him in a better and happier world than this. He appeared to understand and appreciate all that I tried to say to him.

At daybreak next morning we continued our way, and after three hours paddling stopped for breakfast on a small island. While Sylverio was preparing the rice, Odidi started to explore, and

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soon returned with the information that a group of the terrible Chavante Indians were breakfasting on the far side of the same island. Walking cautiously over the sands for a short distance, I caught sight of a group of red savages seated around a fire ; but quick of eye and ear, they soon noticed my presence and made off into the thicket, and we saw no more of them.

Paddling on, we passed several canoes full of Carajá Indians, who greeted O-di-di with their musical cooing cries, but we did not stop. After a time we reached the small, decadent village of São Jose, the last solitary outpost of civilization, there being no further trace of the white man for a distance of 700 miles down the river.

There are about 20 odd houses in the village forming three sides of a square, around a small Roman Chapel, and all in much need of repairs, with an air of poverty and lack of ambition over the whole place ; and the thick undergrowth is allowed to accumulate to such an extent that the river is hidden from sight, although the village stands on a high bluff.

The people are only visited every few years by a friar, and at once agreed to my suggestion to hold a meeting that night, the principal man of the place, Senhor Antonio Souza Lobo, offering his house for that purpose, and sending his sons out to invite the people to attend. We had a fine and inspiring meeting of about 50 people, who listened to the Gospel of Grace with great quiet and attention. At the close of the meeting I invited

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questions or criticism, but as none responded, I asked them to prepare some queries embracing any doubts or suspicions that they might have as to our faith, and I would gladly reply to them a month hence, on my return journey.

Immediately after the meeting we paddled another two miles to find a resting place for the night, the shore at São Jose being steep and stony, while the broad, quiet sandbanks have a peculiar attraction for me. The quiet of the nights on the Araguaya is sublime, and paddling by moonlight on this vast expanse of smooth water is most refreshing and romantic. There are, however, some hidden dangers for the night traveller, for although the river is completely free from dangerous rocks or cataracts of any kind, there are numerous stranded wrecks of trees and logs, which project at intervals along the river's course. The danger is increased when these are hidden a few inches below the water's surface, for there is always the risk of knocking a hole into the canoe on one of these snags. Our canoe would not stand much of that, for it was already leaking and needed constant bailing.

We all slept well that night and were away next day by the first pale rays of the rising sun, accompanied by our friends the "botos" and a strong head wind, which caused us to make slow progress. We passed numerous islands, some being over a mile in length and covered with dense forest. We also met some Indians poling up the river and soon afterwards reached an Indian hut which was being erected by eight Carajás, who were



The Mid-day Rest.

IN A DUG-OUT.

travelling up stream also. They had just lighted a fire, on which they were boiling fish in a big earthen pot. I gave them some raw sugar, for which they seemed to be grateful; and a nice looking woman came forward with a calabash full of tortoise eggs, about 150 in all. After giving them some farinha, which must have been a great treat to them, we continued on our way.

We passed the night between two small villages off the mouth of the Crichas River. Soon after our arrival we were visited by a fine young Indian, named O-di-di, who was soon engaged in a most animated and interested conversation with our own O-di-di.

Our new friend, who could speak Portuguese fairly well, showed great intelligence and good sense, and is anxious to see his people civilised. He sat talking with O-di-di, listening to the latter's account of his experiences in Goyaz until very late that night.

Early next day we passed three small villages before breakfast, and continually met Indian ubas skirting the river's edge, generally with a single stalwart occupant, with a bow and arrow, seeking for fish, or for "tartaruga" eggs.

The country we passed through at this time was quite flat, not a hill to be seen, and our vision was limited by the banks or high forests at the river's edge. In many places the banks present the appearance of low cliffs, 20 to 30 feet high, and a mile or more in length.

Owing to the water received from two large

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tributaries of the Araguaya, the river at this point becomes broader and deeper, and in places it is over a mile in width. The navigable channel is very irregular, and we were continually being "held up" on submerged sandbanks, which would mean all hands overboard to pull and haul the canoe into deep water again. In certain places where the current is weak, this would be attended with an unpleasant risk, owing to the prevalence of the terrible "raia" fish, which is feared by almost everybody. It is a flat fish, of two varieties, the most dangerous being white with black spots, and its average size is about a foot in diameter. It has a flexible trunk attached to about the centre of its body, on the end of which is a sharp-pointed, serrated spine, about four inches long, which it drives into the foot of any person unfortunate enough to tread on it as it lies spread out on the river bed, producing a terrible wound, which is most difficult to cure and often leaves the victim maimed for life. They are never found where there is a stony bottom, or where there is a fairly strong current of water. Crocodiles were numerous in this region, some of a dark green colour and others of a greyish brown, sometimes quite ten feet long.

We determined to make an effort to reach the Bananal Island that night, if possible. The night was splendid, and cool, with a full moon. A sharp look-out had to be kept for snags, but O-di-di, in common with his race, has most remarkable eyesight, and can see a projecting snag by moonlight long before I would suspect its presence. He can

IN A DUG-OUT.

also detect the sunken ones by some all but unnoticeable movement of the river's surface. Oftentimes he discovered and pointed out Indians on the shore ahead of us, or an ubá, some wild animal or a crocodile, where I failed to detect anything until we were a good deal nearer the object, and then I found that he was right. His skill also in choosing the right channels and avoiding shallows saved us much time and trouble.

It was getting late, and becoming wearied with the long spell of paddling, I kept asking O-di-di what distance we had yet to cover before reaching the Island. He would answer by indicating the position the moon would occupy on our arrival. The Carajás signify the time of day in the same way, for they have no other method of expressing time or distance. At last, however, and well on into night, we sighted the low-lying, southern point of the island, with its broad bank of sand, and our arrival was greeted by a loud chorus from hundreds of birds, much resembling sea-gulls.

My satisfaction was extreme on landing upon this immense island, which is 300 miles in length, and I felt that at last I was really in the home of the Carajás. But the point of the island where we had landed did not prove suitable for our camp that night, so we pulled over to a dry bank on the Matto Grosso side of the river. We slept well, and when I awoke it was already broad daylight. O-di-di and I crossed to the point of the island, and found that the right channel was dry. The clean, sandy bed of this channel, which is about 100 yards wide, is fringed by dense forests, and presents a

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striking appearance, like some fine, broad highway of silvery sand, threading its way through the forests, on and on through unexplored country, until it rejoins the Araguaya again.

Early the next morning I aroused the men and we travelled for about two hours before sunrise. We encountered many ariranha seals and shoals of botos, which, first on one side of the canoe, then on the other, spurt and puff and wheeze, as if to provide us with a little light amusement. High steep banks predominated in this district on either side of the river, and the few sandbanks accounted for the absence of Carajá villages. At the mouth of the Crystalino, which we passed about three o'clock that afternoon, an appreciable volume of water is added to the Araguaya, which now and again opens out to a great width, like a large lake, having the appearance of being locked in on every side.

At this point we were about 400 miles below Leopoldina and felt quite out of the world, for in all that distance we had only met one white man's canoe and not another vestige of man's handiwork anywhere, except that of these primitive Indians.

We allowed the canoe to lie up for two hours at mid-day, the sun being unbearably hot, and going on in the afternoon we stopped at two Indian huts on a sand island. I counted three men, five women, and eight or ten children, but others were away fishing. Two of the young women looked splendid, with happy, rounded faces, and tall, erect, lithe figures. They came to our canoe with

IN A DUG-OUT.

presents of turtle's eggs, and were not the least bit abashed or timid. I gave them some print bags and beads, as well as some food, and they seemed satisfied.

We pulled up at a specially beautiful sand-bank that night, but it was marred by the presence of an impertinent crocodile, which refused to change his quarters and came up quite close to Manoel when he was cleaning the rice for dinner. Happily he noticed the reptile in time and drove it off with a pole.


During the night I awoke with a start, and saw O-di-di, by the glimmer of our camp fire, with a firebrand in his hand, chasing one of these crocodiles, which had ventured out of the water to reconnoitre the sleepers.

We slept uneasily, and when I arose it was with a heavy head, so that I did not enjoy the two hours' row before sunrise as much as usual. About nine o'clock we were compelled to stop on account of a very heavy head wind, which raised waves big enough to swamp a smaller canoe, but though quite a gale of wind was blowing, the sky was perfectly cloudless and bright.



Chapter III.

THE HOME OF THE CARAJÁ.

OWARDS evening we drew up about 150 yards from an Indian village, but finding that the igarité drew too much water to pull up close to the shore, I pointed to a high sandbank which could be seen lower down the river, with promise of deep water, and told my companions to leave me with the Indians and I would join them later on in an ubá. So they paddled the canoe down the river, leaving me with five stalwart redskins, who conducted me over the stretch of sand to their little village. Their huts were small and of a lighter construction than usual, some having no roof, but only a palm leaf shelter against the wind.

In one hut several women and children were seated and they invited me to sit down with them, which I was very pleased to do. One young woman brought me a piece of boiled fish in her hand, and another gave me a kind of yam, which I endeavoured to eat. The men were the usual fine, tall, and almost intellectual-looking Indians, with their lustrous and muscular bodies painted in the usual way. The women do not go in for so much fancy colouring, except perhaps the unmarried

IN A DUG-OUT.

ones, who have designs on their faces, resembling the caste marks of the Hindu.

None of them betrayed any fear or embarrassment at my presence, and the young men laughed heartily at some of my disjointed enquiries, or at my curiosity in examining some of their utensils. Sometimes the whole family joined in the laugh, and what a happy, melodious laugh it was, quite a pleasure to listen to.

I visited all the huts, and in each case it was only the children that showed any timidity.

Several of the Indians could speak a few words of Portuguese, but though this helped us a little, the conversation was rather pantomimic on my part.

They invited me to spend the night with them, but on darkness setting in, I rose to leave, after one of the happiest experiences of my life.

Four Carajás paddled me down in their ubá to the place where our igarité had drawn up for the night, another canoe following us, filled with women. On arrival at our camp I treated them all to raw sugar, farinha, red handkerchiefs, fish-hooks, and some little coloured bags for the women. They were really pleased and on this occasion said so. The women and children returned to their village, but the men lay all around us on the sands, watching us as we prepared our dinner of rice, and dried salt meat. It was getting dark and the light of our camp fire lit up their fine interesting forms to good effect. When all was

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ready I gave them two big plates of rice between them, as an agreeable change to their regular diet, which is almost exclusively fish, with an occasional turtle or chameleon. I invited one boyish young fellow, named Una, whose body was stained black all over, to share my plate of food, so he sidled up at once, and we started in together.

The Indians lay around us till quite late that night, largely on O-di-di's account, who had many wonderful things to tell them of his experiences with us in Goyaz. He did most of the talking, his attentive listeners punctuating each sentence with a sonorous "U-mm" of varied tones and pitch, according to their degree of interest. O-di-di also produced his spelling book and copy book, recited the alphabet, and spelt out a few words to them, to their evident surprise and amazement. When he produced his nice, clean and really creditable copy book their astonishment was vented in loud exclamations and laughs.

Early the next morning we reached the mouth of the Rio dos Mortes (River of the Dead), which is separated from the Araguaya by a long spit of sand. It is the largest affluent of the latter river, and rises in the country to the north-east of Cuyabá. A mile or two below the junction the river narrows to about two hundred yards in width, the water being very deep and the current strong. Here we had a narrow escape from shipwreck. One of the perils of the Araguaya is the "banzeira," a very strong, northerly wind that comes without warning. We were steering along in mid-stream when suddenly the wind struck us full in the face,

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Reduced Facsimile of a page from O-di-di's Copy Book.

IN A DUG-OUT.

and in a few minutes the river assumed a stormy aspect. Big waves broke over the *igarité* in a most alarming fashion, while the boat pitched as if in a rough sea, threatening to go under in each trough of the waves. We had to turn the canoc half broadside on to try and reach the shore, but this only placed her in more imminent danger. Our leaking, unseaworthy craft was rapidly filling with water, but in our despair I cried to the Lord for help and He delivered us out of our distress. It seemed as if another gallon or so of water would sink us, when we managed to pull under the lee of the shore, protecting us from the violence of the waves, and in another ten minutes we were safe at the river's edge. Praise God for the deliverance! It would have been difficult to escape alive in that swift current and with such a wind blowing, but had we been stranded on those uninhabited shores, without food or the means of obtaining it, we might easily have perished with hunger. The wind subsiding somewhat, we pushed on with great difficulty owing to our exhausted condition, and made slow progress during the remainder of that day.

A little beyond the above-mentioned village we sighted the first hill we had noticed on the voyage, called Santa Izabel, a sandhill about 200 feet high, and covered with light forest. At its base, by the water's edge, are some large, black rocks, and from the latter a narrow sandy pathway is visible, climbing the steep hill side in a perfectly straight line, and this, O-di-di told us, is where the Carajás carry their dead.

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We were very tired when we finally stopped for the night at a large Indian village of eight huts, and about 100 persons. The chief, an elderly, fatherly-looking man, visited us at once, and noticing that the sandbank was destitute of firewood, he immediately paddled off with his wife to fetch some from a neighbouring forest. Meanwhile I visited the village and distributed some gifts, the women being demonstratively happy with the present of a mirror, but they all ask for "wachi" (fish-hooks). On returning to the *igarité*, I found it surrounded by a crowd of young men and a few women, who all, in a very quiet way, by look, or gesture, suggested their desire for a little *farinha*, sugar or a few fish-hooks, all of which I was able to give them. We had our usual pot of boiled rice for dinner, the hungry Indians crowding around. Gathering boldness through O-di-di's presence and privileges, while I was talking to the old chief and his wife, the other Indians thrust their hands into the pot and made such short work of the contents that we all went hungry to bed that night. The Indians did not return to their huts, but spent the night with us, stretched out on the sand by our fire, along with the chief.

The first tinge of daybreak had barely appeared ere we continued our journey next morning, and my back ached so much from the previous day's strain, that I helped very little with the paddling. During the day we passed several *ubás* full of Indians, who evidently knew O-di-di well, and laughed heartily on seeing his modernised appearance, with short hair. Later on we called at another village

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with seven huts, and soon had the usual crowd around us on land and in the water, peeping under my tolda and inquisitively examining everything that caught their attention. This is quite a part of the Indian's character.

I exchanged a few things with them, having found it more advisable to do this than to give, though of course they always get the best of the bargain, and that pleases them greatly.

We spent another night on the usual quiet sandbank, after catching enough fish for three meals, salting what was left. At this time the moon rose late, and the nights were dark, though the starlight was bright enough to show the dark line of the Chavante shore, a mile away across the Araguaya. A forest fire, not far from the opposite edge of the river, threw a bright red glow across its waters, and reflected in an overhanging cloud of smoke, made an impressive and awesome scene, all the more so because of our immediate surroundings. Above and below us on this side of the river are the Carajás, while just across the river is the land of the feared Chavantes, who but a few months previously had attacked and killed a few Carajás who had ventured to cultivate a small piece of ground on that side of the river. To the right of the Chavantes, and below us as far as the Tapirapé river, are the tribe of that name, while directly behind us, a few miles inland, is a branch of the Carajá tribe known as the Javahés, who number some five or six large villages, with over 800 inhabitants. Any mission work undertaken for

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the Carajá tribe would be in direct touch with all these others, and finally, through them, to the innumerable tribes of the regions to the west.

About noon next day we reached a large village of eight huts and about 100 Indians. Each hut not only represents a family, but often the aged parents, many relations, widows or unmarried sisters.

I agreed with a big Carajá to accompany us from here, and what a difference it made; our old canoe must have been quite startled with the pace, and it made the others arouse themselves. The river here was split up by innumerable islands, of a considerable size, some of them being several miles long, so that the real width of the river is not apparent and is rarely seen, for there are frequently several islands abreast. The full width of the river at this point must be several miles. The surrounding country is flat, with no hills in sight.

We sighted O-di-di's village early in the afternoon of the thirteenth day out from Leopoldina, but long before we could see the place he had sounded his horn repeatedly and vigorously with the call peculiar to the Carajá tribe. He was visibly excited, and produced a linen collar, tie and studs from his bundle, with which he arrayed himself, and with these and his black jacket he quite put me in the shade. On reaching the village we found that most of the men were away fishing, including the chief, João, but nevertheless O-di-di had a great welcome, and was received with many



O-di-di dressed to meet his people.



Carajá Indians on the Banks of the River Araguaya.

IN A DUG-OUT.

expressions of joy and amazement. The men flung their arms round his neck, and some of the women did so too, the rest chattering away with smiling faces, while the children jumped and whooped with delight, and then proceeded to examine his clothes carefully.

His short hair was evidently not agreeable to them, but they tried to improve it, and trimmed it to their liking. I found the people much less grasping than in other villages and it was therefore a greater pleasure to give to them.

Meanwhile, two ubás arrived, laden with fish of all sizes and shapes, all of which had been shot with the arrow, perhaps 500 fish in all. They also had on board a quantity of short, green sticks, with which they proceeded to build a rough stand about two feet high, and about eight feet by three feet in area, on which they laid all the fish, just as taken from the canoe, without cleaning or taking the scales off. Firewood was then arranged beneath and lighted at one end, burning gradually from one end of the stand to the other, and roasting the fish as it did so, while the dripping oil aided the combustion and kept the fire bright. The supports of the rough table being of green wood, they did not burn. After roasting, the fish is eaten just as it is, without salt.

The only other articles of food to be seen occasionally are mandioca root, sweet potatoes, turtles, and chameleons, but fish is their staff of life at this time of the year. When the rains set in and the river bed fills up, covering the sandbanks,

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most of the Indians migrate to the higher lands in other parts of the river, or to the interior of the Bananal Island, where their diet is changed for deer's flesh, wild pig, tapir, or other denizen of the forest, fish being scarce and difficult to catch in the flood time. Their nomadic habits would render it all the more easy to persuade the Indians to inhabit any advantageous situation on the river, chosen as a Mission Station.

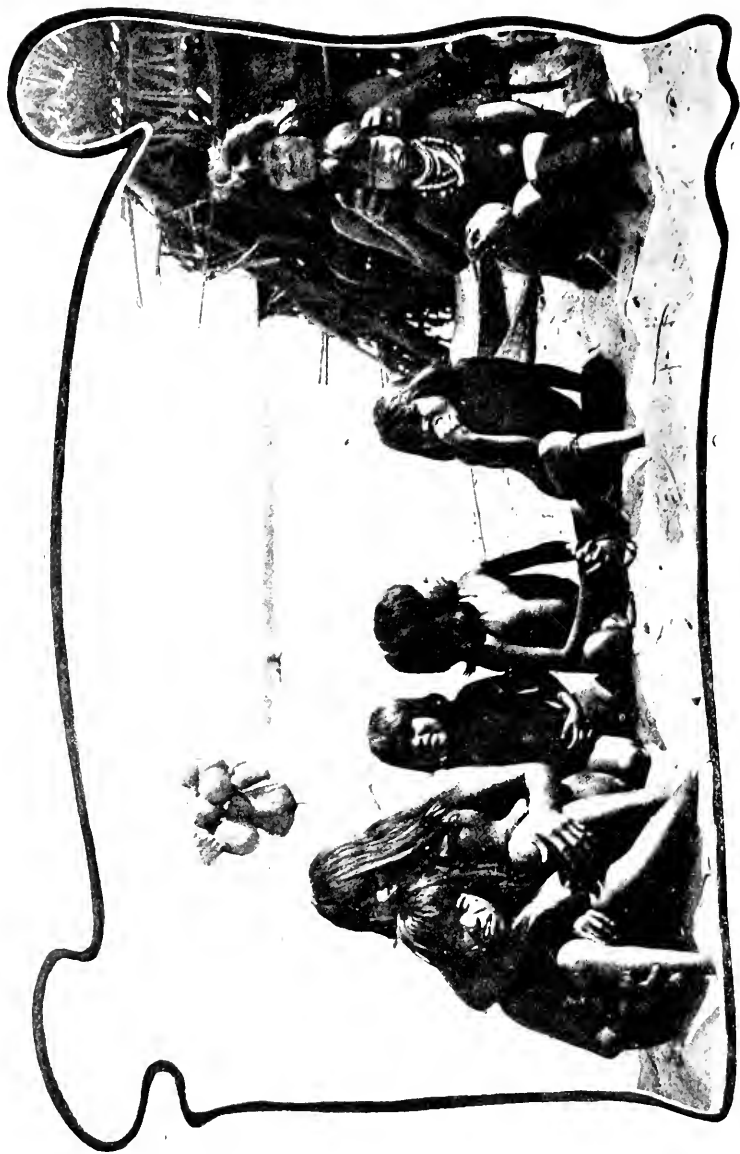
I visited and re-visited each hut, squatting down on the proffered mat, and began to feel quite a barbarian.

Some time after dark, four or five ubás, full of men and boys, with a few women, arrived, heralded by the usual musical cries of greeting.

One of the new arrivals was an old aunt of O-di-di's, who raised her voice and howled over him with great lamentation, and when she noticed me she talked at me at a great rate. I felt rather embarrassed, not understanding the meaning of the demonstration, unless it was a reproof for keeping O-di-di away so long. Both O-di-di's parents are dead, his father having been killed in warfare with the Tapirapés, who, though of Carajá origin, are not on good terms with the latter.

Another of O-di-di's numerous relations was a splendid-looking man of about 35 years, with a most kindly and attractive face, which, but for his paint and disfiguring tribal marks would be a credit to anyone.

I noticed many pets about the village, including two big owls, a young jabaroo, a tame gull and



Some of O-di-di's Relatives.

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a tiny capivara, or wild pig, beside the usual macaws and parrots.

The new arrivals roasted their fish also, and thus there were three or four lots of fish cooking at the same time, making the aldeia (village) quite a bright and interesting scene.

The next day was Sunday, and although I was on excellent terms with these people, whose hearts and confidence are easily won, yet to be obliged to live in intimate contact with them and without the knowledge of their language, becomes very trying in course of time. I resolved, therefore, to descend the river a few miles and rest at some quiet spot for the rest of the day.

We paddled away, with a strong current in our favour, and in a few hours had made such unexpected progress that, when I had just settled upon an excellent spot for our camp, O-di-di, to my great surprise, pulled out his horn and began to blow, afterwards explaining to me that we were already within horn distance of the mouth of the Tapirapé. We had, therefore, almost reached the last Carajá village that I wished to visit; so we paddled on, and before long I could distinguish several ubás coming in our direction, and a little further on, the huts of a large village. Another blast on the horn and the village was alive with redskins, while more ubás put out to meet us. The first to reach us happened to be a brother of O-di-di, something like him in appearance, but taller and broader, while a boy at the helm was O-di-di's nephew. They welcomed my Carajá most warmly, and the

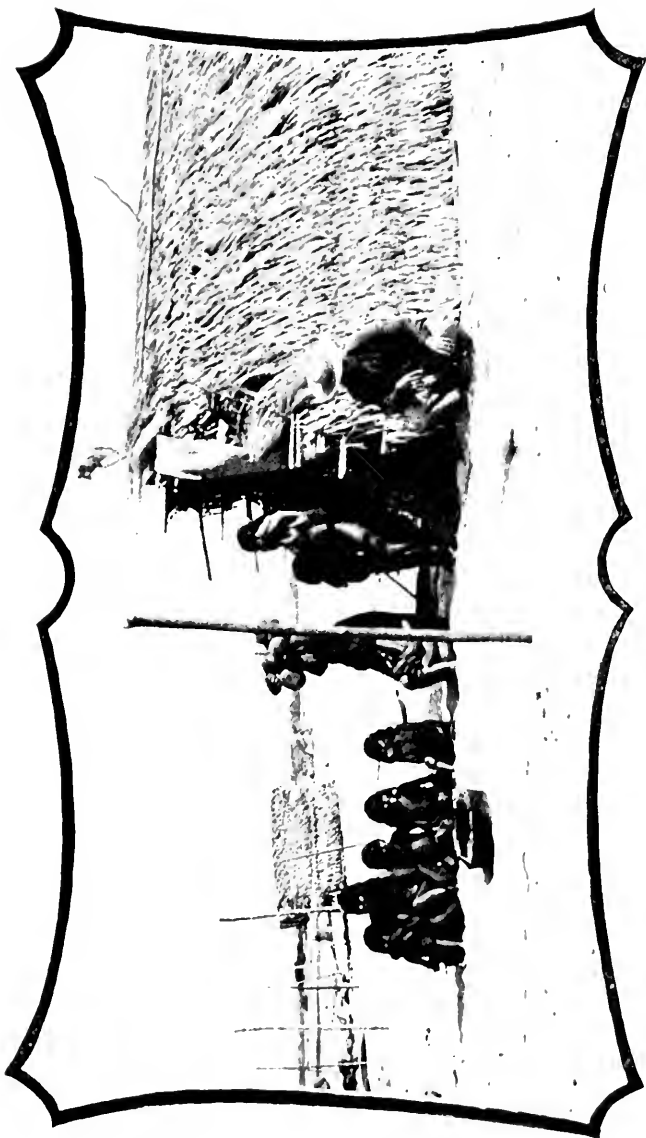
A THOUSAND MILES

boy especially was delighted. Ere we reached the village the shore was crowded with men, women and children, and the greeting was uproarious. We pulled up about a hundred yards from the village, which I found to be the largest yet visited, with nine huts and quite a hundred Indians. The place was very prettily situated, with a picturesque hillock at the back, while away in the distance might be seen the blue range of the Tapirapé mountains. I soon found that the Indians of this settlement were far more aggressive than any that we had met before, owing, perhaps, to their frequent bloody encounters with the Tapirapés, who, I find, still exist in very large numbers, contrary to my expectations.

On landing, I was greeted by the chief, Syriaco, a sly old fellow, with a bad reputation all around, but, at my request, he paddled off in his canoe with four other Carajás to hunt for firewood. With the five men on board, the ubá seemed to be loaded to the water's edge, and what room there remained for firewood I could not perceive, but they soon returned with a big load of logs, and I had to recompense them handsomely with hooks and other things. To escape the crowd, I left the canoe in charge of Sylverio and the boy, and strolled across to the village. Walking was difficult, owing to the quantity of fish bones and scales which pierced my feet, while the sand itself was scorching hot with the sun's rays.

On reaching the first hut, I found a woman who was engaged in rubbing some red ooracoom seed and oil between her hands, and then, with the finger of one hand used as a paint brush, she

Carajá Family and Hut.



IN A DUG-OUT.

proceeded to adorn the face of her lord and master until she had worked a fancy design around his eyes and nose, which did not improve his appearance.

As I approached the other huts, the children ran away to hide, some bawling with fear and apprehension, and even many of the women were frightened, in spite of the presence of some of their men, and the fact that I was alone, unarmed, and far from my boat. Sometimes, however, I was cordially invited to enter the hut and to be seated on the family mat. One old lady, with a very kind and motherly face, particularly interested me, beaming away as she talked to me in a most patriarchal manner.

In another hut I found a young Indian doubled up and groaning with toothache. I took the poor fellow back with me to the canoe and soon eased his pain with a little clove extract. This makes the third I have treated successfully in this way: and the young man's mother seemed very grateful for what I had done, when she saw me afterwards.

On returning to the canoe my troubles began. About five or more Indians were squatted on board, including the chief, and a big crowd of them were standing around in the water. Some wanted this, and some wanted that, while another surly looking Indian, who could speak a little Portuguese, told me I was to show them all I had, and let them take their choice of a present. Others had brought bows and arrows and clubs to exchange for anything and everything they could get out of me. Finally, they were getting so aggressively

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impertinent, especially the chief, that I jumped to my feet and ordered them all off the canoe. O-di-di was away in the village, deaf old Sylverio was some distance off making a fire, and the Indians were all armed with bows and clubs, but they all obeyed me at once, excepting the sly old chief, who slipped on again at the back, where he could peep under the tolda, and note all its contents. To mollify them I exchanged some of the proffered articles, bows, wristlets and such like, for many times their real value, and also gave them some sugar: but it was impossible to satisfy them all.

I rather distrusted those who could speak a little Portuguese, and who seemed too clever by half, but felt especially suspicious of the chief. Suddenly I saw him drop quietly off the canoe and wade to the shore, carrying under his arm a packet of my possessions. Jumping out, I walked up to him and taking the packet of fish-hooks from his hands, I said firmly that I could not think of letting him have it, as they were all that remained for the rest of my journey. He made some laughing remark to the others, while I returned to my post of vigilance, now all the more difficult as the Indians were getting more exacting and the chief's action was a bad example. I refused to exchange any more, and darkness coming on, some of the disturbers withdrew, to my great relief. After dark they gathered around our fire again to discuss us and to talk to O-di-di, who had just returned, and though I felt very tired I walked in and out among them, or sat down by the side of some gaunt savage, to appear unconcerned, but keeping my

IN A DUG-OUT.

eyes on the canoe meanwhile. On such occasions it is necessary to make a good show of self-confidence and firmness and not to show fear or nervousness. I found out later that the occasion was a very critical one for us, and believe that only God's good hand preserved us from harm.

Quietly telling my companions to prepare to leave ere daybreak next morning, thus countermanding my original intention of spending a few days in the locality, I crept quietly into my canoe and lay down, just as I was, on a pile of bows and arrows. They missed me, however, and a dark, naked figure stole silently up to the canoe and peered under the tolda for some seconds to see what I was doing, but as I did not stir he seemed satisfied that I was resting, and that nothing more could be extorted that night, so he returned to inform his companions around the fire. By degrees the men returned to the village, and I was able to straighten out my bed and spend an uneasy night, regretfully remembering that Leopoldina was some 600 miles away above us. I admire and love the Carajás, but must confess that there is a good deal of the fallen Adam about them.



Chapter IV.

UPSTREAM WITH A CARAJÁ CREW.

HAVING reached the end of my outward journey, I was not sorry after the threatening incidents of the preceding day to turn the head of our canoe upstream. I awoke with the first faint glow of the rising sun : all were wrapped in slumber, but I soon aroused the men, had the coffee made, and gave orders to embark without delay. Already some few Indians had crept up to us from the sleeping village, but the rest were quite unaware of our departure until we were out of sight in the dim, early light. I confess to having felt a sense of great relief, for although the Carajás are a fine race of savages, with morals and customs far above those of the average aboriginal Indian, yet they are still savages, and as such are capable, under certain circumstances, of attacking a small unarmed company, such as ours was, especially with the tempting prospect of loot, or when worked up to some pitch of excitement by inter-tribal war and bloodshed. At the same time I admit that my suspicions may have been exaggerated, the little affair with the chief being the only case of pilfering met with during the whole journey (although there were plenty of opportunities), and it was only in this village at the mouth of the Tapirapé that I felt these uncomfortable presentiments.

IN A DUG-OUT.

Soon after losing sight of the village I noticed a dark figure accompanying us along the river bank, which we found to be Wirina, a cousin of O-di-di's, who wished to accompany us to Leopoldina, so I agreed to take him to help us pole up the river. By daylight his companions would probably have stopped him from going with us. My crew was thus increased to five, three Carajás and two white men, that is, if Sylverio and his boy can be called such, they being of Indian origin and very similar in colour to the others. Our canoe was still leaking badly and needed constant bailing, but the small live turtle I had on board did not object at all, so a little water was left for his benefit.

About nine o'clock we stopped for breakfast, two of the Indians going off for firewood and another to fish. While preparing our food an ubá drew up in which was a big redskin poling, with a woman and baby in the centre, and a fine little boy at the helm. They had a pile of fish in the canoe and a huge turtle. We rolled the latter out on to the sand, and found that he could not run fast on the sand, though it would be almost impossible to catch it on harder ground. He carried the Indian boy on his back easily, and I took some snapshots of them thus occupied.

About four o'clock we reached O-di-di's village again, and were well received, for they all seemed to look upon us as old acquaintances.

From all that I have seen the neighbourhood of this village would be a very advantageous spot for the establishment of a Mission Station, there

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being high lands on the Matto Grosso side of the river, with good soil, and the making of an excellent port, as well as large forests of timber within eyesight. It is about equi-distant from the Carajás, Javahés, Tapirapés, and Chavantes. The chief, who is known as Capitão João, is rather a quiet, unobtrusive man, though he has engaged in much warfare in the past and is still suffering from a swelling above one knee, which he says is caused by a splintered bone, the result of an arrow wound. I had a long talk with him about our hopes for the future and he was extremely interested in my suggestion, said they were anxious to learn, and promised his active help, if ever required. The chief himself speaks a little Portuguese.

One cannot help noticing the splendid complexions of these Indians: in spite of their savage diet you never see sores or eruptions, their bodies being as smooth and spotless as they are hairless.

The huts of an Indian village (cabins would be a better word, for the former seems to convey the thought of dirt and darkness, which certainly are not to be found in a Carajá residence) are built of light sticks, covered with semi-transparent palm leaves, and are always arranged in one straight line, about twenty-five paces from the river's edge, with an equal interval between each.

In the last cabin of O-di-di's village I witnessed a curious operation. One muscular young man worked a stiff pole firmly into the sand and then gripped it hard with both hands, while his companion proceeded to scrape him down with a kind

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of small bristle brush, only in place of bristles the flat back was embedded with a row of finely pointed fish teeth, about an eighth of an inch long, which cut into the skin, making long gashes. During the operation, which only lasted a few seconds, the victim grasped the pole, strained his muscles and distorted his face a little, but uttered no sound until it was finished, when he laughed gleefully to see the blood flow, and took a running dive into the river. Afterwards his companion would subject himself to the same test of endurance. The scars of these terrible scratches can be seen on the legs of most of the Indians, and they are supposed to give relief in certain cases of pain or sickness. When all was over I obtained possession of the scratcher to add to the varied collection I was arranging to send home for exhibition. Among other things I obtained some good examples of their feather head plumes, made of the bright feathers of the macaw and parrot, and the lighter ones of the emu. They are fastened into a kind of open fibre net, which fits over the head and is so light and elastic as not to be shaken off. They also make very pretty elbow ornaments of tufts of feathers, combined with small shells and large, hollow seeds, producing a curious and agreeable rattle, and a belt is also made of much the same character, but these are only used on festive occasions and dances.

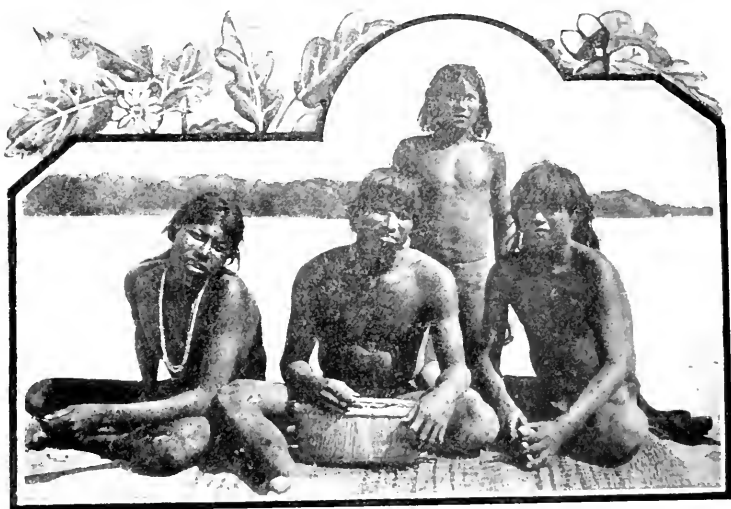
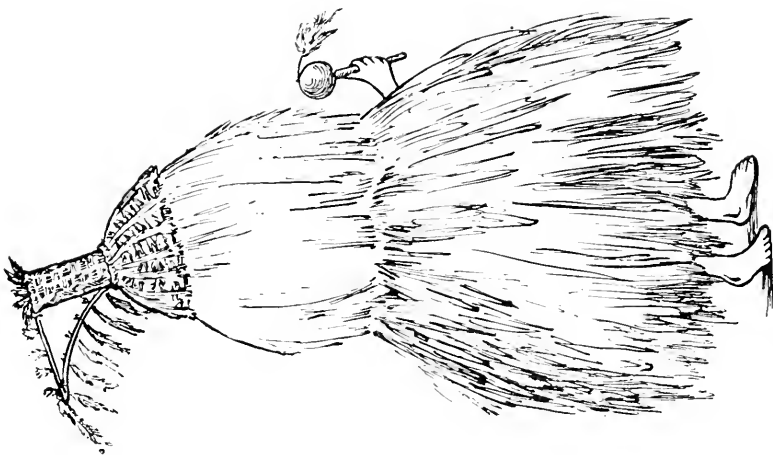
In describing the village I have omitted to mention that about 50 to 100 yards away from it, there is, as in every other village, a solitary hut known as the "casa do bicho" (house of the wild

animals). No Carajá woman dare enter or approach this hut, which must be very tantalizing for them, but the penalty is death. I visited several of them, but only found some huge and fantastic head dresses, about three feet high, made of feathers, cane, and palm leaves, also some aprons of similar material, all standing in the centre of the hut, which is open from the side away from the village. At certain times these things are donned by the men and a strange superstitious dance is indulged in.

When a Carajá disobeys his chief he is liable to a death penalty, and is generally killed with a tiny, befeathered and poison-tipped arrow, shot from a correspondingly tiny bow, delicately made from a special wood, and only about four inches long. Capitão João showed me this weapon (which apparently all chiefs possess) as a mark of great favour.

I resolved not to sleep in the village for the sake of peace and quietness, so we pushed on upstream just ere sunset to a sandbank about two miles away, where there was promise of firewood. Even so an ubá occupied by four young Indians accompanied us up the river, shared our pot and spent the night around our fire, and it was long before I could sleep, owing to their singing and chattering.

The next day we were away two hours before dawn, and poled slowly by the light of a waning moon, for we had to use great caution owing to the numerous snags beneath the water's surface. Manoel, the boy, found that he had been bitten by a vampire during the night, and as usual, upon the big toe,



A Group of
Carajá Youths.

*These four Carajás acted as
Mr. Glass' escort part of
the way up the river.*

IN A DUG-OUT.

which is the favourite spot for these bloodthirsty creatures. They do their work in such a scientific manner that the victim, be it man or animal, is absolutely unconscious of any pain as they suck the blood, and the loss is only known by a dizzy feeling the next morning, a pool of blood and a very slight incision at the spot. Sometimes the neck is chosen instead of the foot. The only way to avoid the vampire is to keep well covered up, and especially to keep the big toe out of sight. This was the third time we were troubled with this pest during the journey. Of course I had long ago heard of the sanguinary propensities of the vampire, and supposed it to be purely a fabulous story, but I know better now.

About four hours travel brought us to the home of the Carajá who had accompanied us during the last four days. He left us here, receiving in exchange for his services—a pocket knife, neck-lace, comb, some hooks, a brick of sugar and some rice. He had proved a capital, reliable man. I took on in his place a strapping young Indian, named Tchana, whose body was painted and striped like a zebra. For the rest of that day we poled in the face of a heavy wind, which greatly hindered our progress. Every now and again, when one of the Indians would feel too hot, without warning he would drop his pole and plunge into the river. The canoe would continue on its way, and the Indian perhaps climb on board or else swim ashore, to join us from some projecting point higher up. Two other ubás kept us company here, and apparently expected to dine at our expense while doing so.

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We passed the night within sight of the fires of an Indian village, and the number of my redskin companions was increased to six.

About 7 o'clock the next morning the Indians started yelling and laughing gleefully, which I found was due to their having sighted a big, white man's igité coming down the river in our direction. It was most refreshing to me to meet the four white men who manned the boat and to converse freely in a language I could understand, though they were really poor specimens of humanity when compared with my Carajás.

It is rather trying for one's nerves to be alone among a crowd of these huge, naked, chattering, laughing savages, whose language you cannot understand, except that an occasional gorilla-like laugh or gesture, and the glances cast in your direction indicate that the conversation concerns yourself. A day or two you can manage to stand alone, but longer is very trying, and I do not think I shall travel again in this way, at least, with a deaf camarada.

Desiring to have more experience of Indian fish shooting, I entered one of the accompanying ubás and, letting the igité proceed, I paddled away ahead with two young redskins and soon lost sight of our igité among the many channels of the river, expecting to meet it at some general channel higher up stream. The light ubá shot through the water while I squatted as low as possible for the sake of equilibrium, for the canoe wobbled about in a most unstable way, behaving as only a round,

Scene in a
Carajá Village.

*Note the width
of the Sandbank.*



"Tchna," a typical
Carajá youth.

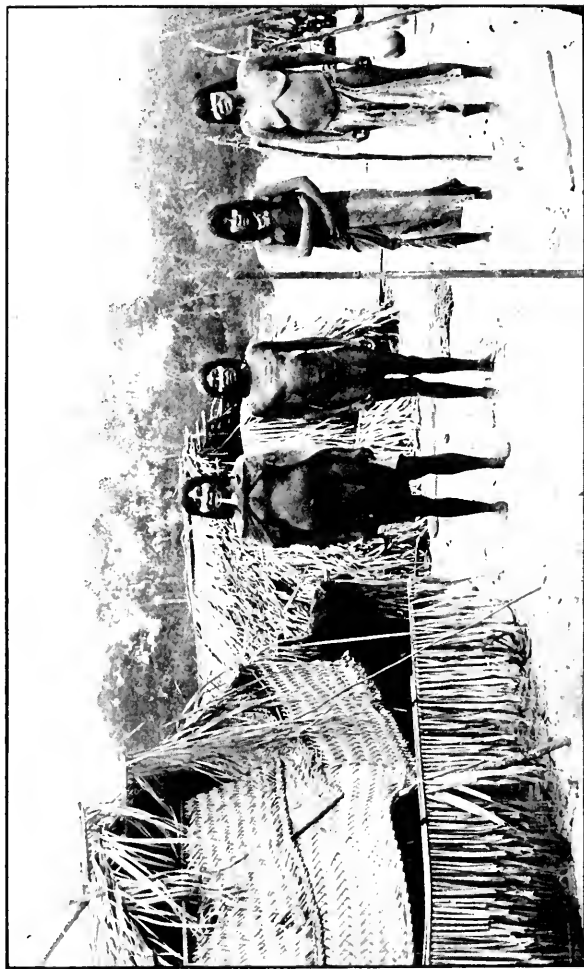


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keel-less log of wood could behave. I expected the thing to founder every minute, but the two Indians were quite unconcerned, and three times they ran on a dry bank of sand to empty the *ubá* of water. There seemed to be little fish about of the kind they wanted, though several times the man at the prow snatched up his bow and arrow excitedly, and balancing himself carefully prepared to shoot, while his companion behind me silently paddled and steered the canoe at the same time. Two or three difficult and unsuccessful shots were made, and I was getting tired of my cramped position, when to my great satisfaction we entered what appeared to be the main channel, and better still, when far away in the distance we espied our *igarité*, with the four figures poling away as usual, so we pulled into a sandy creek to await them, while I rolled in the hot sand to dry my clothes. The *igarité* seemed a long time appearing off the creek, and growing impatient the Indians jumped into their *ubá* to reconnoitre from the centre of the river, returning with the news that nothing was in sight. What had become of the *igarité*? Eventually we concluded that she must have taken another hidden channel just after we had first sighted her. This was rather alarming, as the channels and islands of the Araguaya often form a labyrinth that only an Indian can solve. It was decided that the younger Indian should continue up the river with the *ubá*, while his companion and I struck across country with the hope of reaching the other channel ere the *igarité* passed. We walked quickly across the soft, hot sand and presently came in

sight of another broad channel, but to my dismay no boat was in sight.

After waiting some time it seemed evident that we had been mistaken, and that the *igarité* had ascended the original channel after all ; so we attempted to cut back across country again, at an angle which might enable us to catch them higher up. But the intervening ground was thick with scrubby trees, interwoven with thorny creepers and brambles. With my sore, bare feet every step was torture, and I could not keep pace with the Carajá. So I had to give up the attempt, for I could endure no more, not even to return by the path already traversed, but we found a short cut back to the channel, emerging from the forest on a high, steep bank at the river's edge, with a deep, swift current in front. Midway across the river I noticed one or two abandoned Indian huts on a small sand-bank, which seemed to offer a more hopeful situation, and resolved to try to cross ; but the Indian indicated that he did not intend to accompany me for fear of the "piranha," and he pointed to an ugly scar on his leg, four inches long, caused by this fish. I had prepared to swim across, when an exclamation from the Indian made me look up, and, oh ! agreeable sight, there came the long lost *igarité* by the suspected channel after all. I shouted to them, but they did not appear to hear me across that expanse of water. I shouted frantically and waved my coat : they were in full sight and I could distinguish each one of the crew, but they evidently could not see us, and in apparent complete unconcern as to our fate, the boat glided away past



Carajá Chiefs and their Wives in Indian Village.

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us and disappeared from view. Our case looked a gloomy one and again I thought of swimming the river, when away in the distance up stream I saw our ubá cruising round as if in search of us, but alas, it seemed to be taking a wrong direction. Again I shouted, but the Carajá smiled at my hopeless attempts to attract attention at that range. Finally I appeared to succeed, for the ubá bore down in our direction and sighted us perched up on the river bank, from which we only too willingly dropped into the river, and within half-an-hour we had overtaken the igarité and I was safely on board again, with no more ambition for further ubá expeditions in these regions.

We pulled up well before sunset alongside a high sand bank, fringing a very broad stretch of the river. The sun setting an hour later on the far side of the Araguaya bathed the river in scarlet and gold, and the glorious silence, almost complete, save for the occasional "tew-wits" or other mournful cry of some night bird, impressed even the Carajás, who for the time were quiet and in harmony with the scene. We had five of the Indians with us that night, and lying around the fire without any covering whatever they passed the night in sound sleep, and did not appear to feel the cold of the early morning. They never seem to suffer from colds, indeed a healthier people it would be difficult to imagine; such extraordinary nimbleness of limb, clearness of sight, quickness of ear and clearness of complexion, and all on a fish diet, without salt.

I awoke very early next morning to find the blanket beneath me soaking wet, and spring-

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ing up I found the canoe was full of water, so without waiting to awake the others, I set to work vigorously bailing it out before greater damage was done. Then I awakened the sleepy crew and we examined the cargo. The spare sack of farinha was badly wet, one of my bags was soaked through and some of the contents damaged, and nearly all the clothing was saturated with water. Not a very cheering outlook by the dim, cold moonlight, but after a hasty cup of coffee, embarking our things as best we could, I urged the men with paddle and pole until some three hours later, the sun gaining warmth, we pulled up for the day to dry out. We managed to dry the wet farinha, which is our principal article of food, as well as the other articles affected, and then Sylverio tried to caulk the old boat with cotton and beeswax, which we hoped would keep us afloat for another three weeks' travel.

My two Carajás were doing well, and I had quite lost the unpleasant feeling which had been caused by the experience at the Tapirape village. Generally speaking, I believe these people are incapable of treachery or theft, and the few exceptions will be found among those who have had dealings with the white man. Indeed, considering the purity of their family life, the wisdom of some of their customs, the integrity of their character and their magnificent physique, one feels that they are entitled to the name of "Nature's noblemen."

They have, however, a bad custom of disfiguring their faces in a manner which adds nothing

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to their beauty, and makes it very difficult for them to associate with the white man or even to mingle with other tribes of Indians. All the Carajás, men and women, above the age of ten years, have the tribal mark of a round, blue scar about an inch in diameter on both cheeks; and all the males from six months upwards have their lower lips pierced by a large orifice, through which is inserted a flat stick, varying from two to eight inches long, and half-an-inch broad. This operation, which is limited to the males, is performed with a sharp stone a few months after birth, and is accompanied by a great deal of ceremonial and the naming of the child.*

The distinctive tribal mark on the cheekbone, already referred to, appears to be peculiar to this tribe, and is cut with a sharp stone and renewed from time to time until a deep round scar is produced, almost black in colour. The Javahes have the same mark, being a branch of the same tribe. The lobes of the ear are always pierced by holes through which thin round sticks are inserted, about eight inches long, with sometimes a delicate little ornament of feathers and pearl shell, resembling a flower, fastened to the end.

While waiting for our things to dry in the sun, the Indians cooked four large fish which they had shot that morning while following us up in the ubá. After polishing off this fish, which would have provided a meal for a dozen ordinary folk, the six Carajás had more than their share of our dinner

* A fuller description of this ceremony will be found in the Appendix of "Through the Heart of Brazil."—S. A. E. M., Liverpool.

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too, and then wound up with a mess of farinha, raw sugar and water. I never saw such eaters, but imagine it must have been a long while since they had such a good time, and they meant to make the best of it.

Late that afternoon, while continuing our journey, I heard the men cry out, "Onca! onca!" (a tiger! a tiger!) and springing from under my tolda I saw, about one hundred yards away from the river, a big animal, perfectly black, except for some white spots on his feet. It was walking quietly and majestically along the inner edge of the shore and had not noticed our approach. I fired at it carelessly, not so much with a desire to kill as to see what it would do. It stopped, glared round at us, and without increasing its speed, turned off and with a few strides disappeared in the forest. The Indians are very much afraid of this kind of tiger, which is reputed to be very dangerous and brave. Not half-an-hour afterwards we saw another spotted yellow and black variety on the opposite bank. We also sighted a number of deer careering over one of the sandy shores, and the Indians were soon after them with bow and arrows, but the nimble creatures were too quick for even an Indian hunter.

We passed Capitão Ercko's village about five o'clock and some four ubás put out to meet us, but to their disappointment we did not stop.

A couple of miles beyond this village is the hill of Santa Izabel do Morro, a sandhill about two or three hundred feet high, rising up rather



Corner of the Carajá Cemetery.

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abruptly from the river's edge. I had heard that there was an Indian cemetery here, and though the sun was rapidly approaching the horizon, and the spot is said to be barred to the white man, I felt a strong desire to see the place and, if possible, to secure a snapshot of it. We stopped the *igarité* at a small clump of black rocks, from which O-di-di pointed out a very narrow, sandy path, which went straight up the hillside, without a curve to ease the ascent. Jumping from the boat, camera in hand, I ran to the path indicated and started climbing as fast as I could, fearing the sun might set ere I reached the summit. It was no easy climb, owing to the loose, dry sand which offered no secure foothold on that steep incline, and with each step I seemed to sink back half the distance or more. Several of the Indians, also curious to see the place, soon came scrambling up behind me and arrived at the summit long before I did. I found that the view was entrancingly beautiful, probably the finest obtainable on the Araguaya. The magnificent, broad, winding river lay far beneath, eventually hidden from view above and below by the dense, dark forests that fringe its borders, and which melt away on the horizon. I had little time to appreciate the view and cast about to find the reputed cemetery. The Indians soon discovered it to the left of the hill top, where the view was finest. Under the shade of a few overhanging trees were many earthen pans or urns, varying in size but averaging about fifteen inches in diameter, some being black with age. Here lay the earthly remains of generations of bygone warriors, the earthen

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pans containing their bleached bones and skulls, where time had not already reduced them to powder, to be scattered far and near by the strong winds of the Araguaya. The spot was most impressively solemn to me as I thought of the unknown history of this race, who hunted and fished and died on the banks of this great river before South America was heard of, and whose descendants still live the same primitive, savage life their fathers led within sight of these ashes. I thought, too, of the countless thousands of Indians represented by these bones and ashes, who in these enlightened days of Christian missionary endeavour have been allowed to drift away into eternity, having never heard of our great and loving Father, having never heard the Gospel tidings and without one effort having been made to win some of them for the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. Too late now to regret what might have been done for the dead past ; God grant that we may not hold back from what ought to be done for the living present.

When a Carajá dies, the body is sewn up in a reed mat by his relatives, and is carried to the cemetery slung from a pole. There a deep, broad hole is dug in the sand, above which the dead body is suspended, quite clear of the ground, the ends of the pole resting on the edge of the grave, at the head and foot. Sticks are then laid transversely from the mat to the sides of the grave and a high pile of sand is heaped up over the whole, palm leaves preventing the sand from filtering through the sticks. Food is brought daily by the deceased man's friends and laid at the foot of the



Mouth of the Rio dos Mortos (River of the Dead).

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mound for the benefit of the departed, but it is actually consumed by some wild animal or other. After a few months the remains are uncovered, carried down to the river side, and the bones, after being washed and scraped by the women, are placed in an open, earthen pan and carried to the cemetery again to take their place with hundreds of similar silent witnesses of man's mortality.

I could have spent much more time at this interesting spot but the shades of night were coming on and I had to hurry down the hill in order to reach our night camp ere darkness set in.

We poled away from our night quarters with the first peep of day, passing an Indian village about 8 o'clock and we soon had several *ubás* in pursuit. They seemed to know that it was near breakfast time, but we succeeded in giving them the slip.

On passing the place where we narrowly escaped shipwreck nine days previously, we found the river with scarcely a ripple on its surface. A little above this point we entered the Rio dos Mortos and headed our boat up these mysterious waters, the home of the Chavante. As we slowly poled up the river my Carajás showed themselves slightly apprehensive of their old enemies and eyed the banks suspiciously. Suddenly one dropped his long pole in the river and plunged in himself, and I could see his red body gliding away at the river's bottom through the crystalline water. What did it mean: was he giving me the slip for fear of the Chavantes, or was it only a bath he wanted? No,

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here he comes back describing a semi-circle under the water ; now he is making straight for the boat, his head appears above the water close at hand, and in his embrace he holds a fine, large turtle. He had spied it from the canoe, and then chased it under water, and a turtle under water is no easy prey. We shipped the new comer at once and he kept the little turtle company until dinner time.

We only travelled a short distance up this river, as there was very little water for navigation just at that time of the year, and it is a small river compared with the Araguaya. Finding that the ubá which had followed us such a distance intended keeping us company to Leopoldina, I made an agreement to supply them with farinha and rice, they furnishing us with fish in return daily, but that night I had to provide food for no less than eleven persons, eight of whom were Carajás : at this rate my food supply would have been exhausted in about a week.

The next morning we were away by sunrise, the moon being too small to be safe. Passing two villages we only stopped a few minutes at each, and proceeded on our way. Progress was slow and tedious, and we only covered about half the distance in the same time as when travelling with the current. The Carajás, always on the look out for sport, shot a fine fish of about six pounds weight, and one of them dived in and brought it to the surface. I had never seen such a formidable looking fish, for besides two very sharp pointed fins, it had on each side a row of sharp claws, resembling the teeth of a big log saw.

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In addition to our usual pot of rice this evening, we had three kinds of fish, turtle, boiled and fried, and roast chameleon. The last two items, greatly esteemed by the Indians, did not appeal to me, though I tasted them for the sake of experience. The chameleon averages from three to five feet in length and is naturally of a bright green colour, which makes it difficult for an unpractised eye to discern them when stretched along a high branch of a tree overhanging the river. They have a silvery pouch at the neck, and have the strange power of changing colour, sometimes being of a greyish slate colour and when frightened, almost black. Our Indians spotted three to-day, so I stopped the *igarité* to please them. Wirina shot first at a very big one, high up in the tree, and just missing it, the reptile took warning and made a tremendous leap out into the river, in which element it is as much at home as anywhere else. Tchna taking more careful aim through the intervening branches was successful, but chameleon and arrow remained up the tree, so he climbed up and dexterously succeeded in capturing his wounded prey.

The following day, being Sunday, was quiet and uneventful, as we travelled but a few miles in the early morning and a few more in the evening, to a suitable place to pass the night. This latter would not have been suitable during the day, owing to the lack of shade, and at night, trees are not desirable, as the mosquitos gather round them. Even on the sandbanks we are sometimes troubled by night mosquitos, of which there is a very

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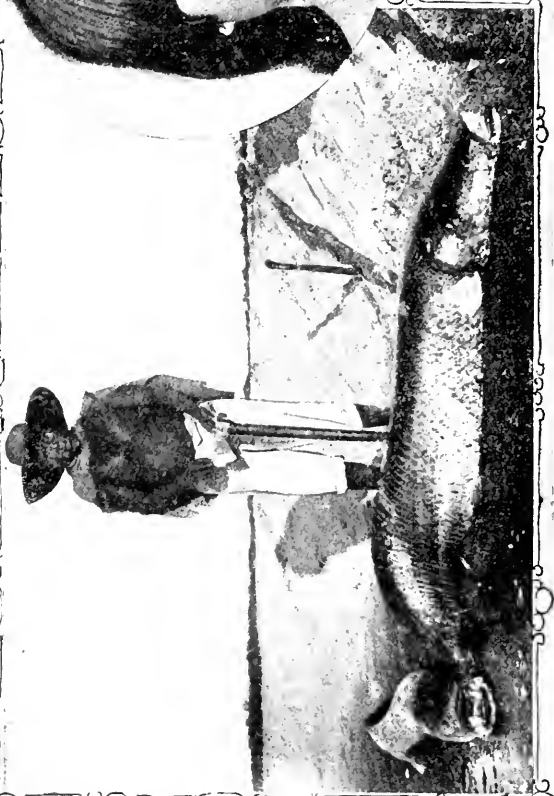
poisonous variety on the Araguaya, called the "murisoca." In such cases O-di-di generally fired the nearest dry grass or jungle on the wind side, and the resulting smoke soon freed us from the torment. For dinner, in addition to the food which I provided and which was ample, the five Carajás ate four turtles, three chameleons and two big fish, quite eight pounds each, not to mention the amount of sand they always swallow with their food, which is extraordinary.

On Monday morning we left early, with the first flash of the coming day. The air was very cold, but the Indians sang away at their work and seemed to feel it much less than I did with all my clothing. The Indian songs have for their subjects the numerous birds, beasts and fishes around them. One they are very fond of has for its chorus, "The emu has run away," while another refers to the pirarara fish, interspersed with the comical grunts which this fish makes when caught. There is a certain rhythm in their music and they sing in good time, varying it with the song, but I could detect no rhyme in the words.

The ubá with the other two Indians still kept us company, now ahead, now behind, on the lookout for fish or other sport. My three Carajás are keen sportsmen, too, and twice this day they dived from the igarité and brought up a turtle each time. We had four live turtles and about 200 eggs on board at this time. Sometimes when passing over a broad sandbank where the water was shallow, they would spy a big fish, some twenty or thirty yards



*O-di-di, the Caraja
youth who acted as
pilot.*



An Araguayan Fish, 6 feet 6 inches long.

IN A DUG-OUT.

away, perhaps. Two of them would spring in the water at the same time, one with his pole and the other with bow and arrow, and then would begin an exciting chase. They would run through the water here and there to head the fish off from the deep water and the fish dodging them in all directions in its endeavours to escape. Finally the fish (generally a barbado of about fifteen pounds weight) too tired for further exertion in the shallow water, would be easily captured by a shot from the bow or a blow on the head with the end of the pole.

At this time I had quite a small menagerie on board: two pretty green, yellow and red parrots (quarreling most of the time, I am sorry to say), a maracanan parrot, a tortoise, a lively young crocodile about ten inches long, and the dog. The latter did not prove to be of much service, except that he very occasionally warned us at night time of the suspected approach of some man or beast. The parrots were free and seemed quite at home on the top of my tolda, and made a tremendous chattering at sunrise and sunset.

I slept on the sand this night in preference to my usual bed under the tolda, mosquitos not being so numerous, and the starry, clear sky overhead is very attractive. Tigers appear to be very numerous here, for their footprints were around us on every hand and were freshly made.

Soon after breakfast the next day we passed the mouth of the River Crystalino, and after poling up its course a short distance we found quite a good volume of water: though much narrower than the

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Rio dos Mortos, it appears to be more navigable in the dry season.

I never seem to grow tired of watching Utaria, the young Indian lad of about 16 years of age, who poles the accompanying ubá. He is perched on its bows, with his beautiful, lithe body twisting and turning so gracefully as he vigorously plies his long pole, while his elder companion, Tewaree-chana, lies back lazily in the stern, steering with his paddle. They choose the shallows, and by some ripple on the water's surface, or some similar sign only known to them, they can detect the presence of fish nearly a hundred yards away. Then all is excitement: the man at the stern awakes and his paddle flashes through the water, and the lad redoubles his efforts with the pole until the ubá fairly flies through the water, with her long nose high in the air, until within a short distance of the quarry. Then the lad drops his pole, snatching up his bow and arrow, rapidly glancing along the latter to see if it needs a straightening twist ere fitting it to his bow, then standing on the nose of the ubá he keenly watches the water around him, motionless but alert. Suddenly he spots a fish at hand, though perhaps several feet below the surface. Up goes his bow, with the cord stretched right back to his face, while the point of his arrow accompanies for some seconds the movements of the fish beneath the water. At a favourable moment he lets fly, and then there are a few seconds of suspense ere the arrow comes floating inertly to the surface, or if successful, its feather end only appears, violently agitated for some unseen reason. When this is the



Indian Boy on Turtle.



A Young Carajá Shooting.

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case, the young Indian plunges in with a cry of delight, and disappears for a moment, only to reappear with the fish in his grasp. If it is a big fish he merely holds on to the arrow, manœuvring under the water for some time until the captured fish tires and is secure, and his companion sometimes has to dive in to assist. We all shared in the excitement of these moments, my three Carajás especially, and the river banks rang again with laughter or applause.

Another such incident this day was the chasing of a fine, fat duck. The young Indian lad had spied it first, and leaving the ubá he tip-toed over the sand, with half extended bow in hand, until within forty yards of the all unconscious bird. He fired, but the arrow missed the mark and the duck took a short flight down the sandbank. He then made a wide curve, ran and secured his arrow, and before the bird had rested a minute he shot again, and again he missed, arousing a great chorus of derisive laughter from all the Indians. Again the duck took a short flight and dropped on the inner edge of the bank, which was fringed by some young trees. We let the canoe swing round with the current while we watched the third attempt. The lad, who had scarcely stopped running all the time, secured his arrow again and deftly gaining the cover of the bushes, he stealthily approached his prey, treading as nimbly as a young tiger. What made the chase interesting was not the mere shooting of a duck but the lithe form of the young Carajá, the natural grace of his figure and movements, and the contrast of his bronze-red body against the almost white

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background of silvery sand. He stopped, tightened his bow string a little, and let fly his feathered arrow—this time to hit the mark, and the duck fluttered disabled on the sand, while the lad hastened to seize his prey. There were loud shrieks of exultation from my crew, which, however, almost immediately after turned to derisive laughter, as the bird suddenly rose and soared away over the bank, right above our heads, with a six foot arrow trailing behind.

That night the dinner preparations presented a most barbarian aspect, and to see how an Indian prepares and eats his food is to realise what savages they really are. After dinner I walked out over the sands, away from the smoky camp fires, away from the noisy chattering Indians and their never ending feasts; alone under the bright stars I stretched out on the cool soft sand, and gave myself over to reveries and dreams of the future, when these who live like animals and die like beasts shall become sons of the Most High and jewels in the Saviour's crown. Each night before returning to the camp I pray for the Carajás, and the speedy spread of the Gospel among these forgotten tribes.

Early the next morning we met a small fleet of seven ubás, occupied by some 40 Carajás, or more, including women and children. They appeared to be seeking a suitable site for a new village. They greeted us cordially but we did not stop, nor did my Carajás seem anxious to do so, for like the rest of their tribe they appear bashful and quiet in any village but their own.

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O-di-di had behaved splendidly all through the journey, and the other two Indians of my crew gave satisfaction also, and have been obedient and respectful, though I found that it was important to avoid becoming too free or familiar with them: they must be kept in their right place or trouble would be sure to follow some time or other.

During that afternoon I shot another crocodile, and we landed Manoel, who cut off about three feet of its tail with an axe, for dinner that night.

Two days later we again rested for the night on the splendid sandbank on the southern point of the Bananal Island, and thus finished another stage of our journey. We were nearing the land of the white man again, though we had another twelve days to travel on the river before reaching Leopoldina. Before turning in at night I tried my hand with the big line and caught a sixty pound pirarara, and had to call for help to the Indians before finally landing him.

During the night our rest was disturbed by the visit of a big capivara, and I awoke to see O-di-di in full chase, with a stick snatched from the fire for a weapon. Two big fires were kept going every night, both for protection and for the warmth of my companions.



Chapter V.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

EARLY in the morning of August 20th we bid farewell to the Bananal Island and all the interesting and happy memories connected with it. There was a heavy wind-storm this day and the river was rough in places, but as the gale was at the back of us we had nothing to fear and made good time. I tried to rig up a sail out of a sheet, but it was hardly a success, as the wind was too gusty and irregular. Crocodiles were very numerous in this district, and there were literally swarms of fish, which put the Carajás in a constant state of excitement. We also saw another spotted tiger drinking at the water's edge.

Poling is a very laborious way of ascending the river, but it is undoubtedly quicker and less tiring than paddling, though it is necessary to keep in the shallow part of the river in order to secure a grip of the river's sandy bottom. Where the water was too deep we had to resort to the paddles. In many places the channel was so deep and the current so swift that with our united efforts we could scarcely make any appreciable headway, our *igarité* creeping along at not more than 100 yards an hour. Happily these places are rare, or our journey would have seemed interminable, and even

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as it was, we only made about 20 miles a day, after nine or ten hours work. The poling is done by two men on each side of the canoe, who, standing close to its prow, drop their long poles to the river's bed, and pressing on them, run along a narrow board, fastened to each side of the boat, some three or four paces, thus impelling the canoe behind them. Turning round, they raise their poles and walk back to the prow, repeating the same performance, which requires practice and care to avoid mishaps. It is easy to overbalance into the river in the turning movement, or to be dragged overboard by driving the pole into a bed of clay, or by misplacing the pole too near the bow of the canoe. Da-oori did the latter this day, and he was pulled overboard in an effort to recover his pole, carrying old Sylverio with him, and I barely escaped a similar fate. The Indian enjoyed the fun, having no clothes to wet, but not so Sylverio, who failed to see the humour of it.

We had up to this time been four weeks on the river, and in the 700 miles we had traversed we only met two white men's canoes, containing eight persons in all.

Two or three days passed uneventfully, though not without plenty to interest and occupy attention, with the never-failing charm of the river and the ways and customs of my Carajá escort, now increased to six.

The latter are certainly lively companions, always laughing or singing, though at times there was too much of it for me, and I was glad to

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escape over the sands after dark and have a little peace.

Soon after pulling up at a sandy island about dusk one evening I espied a fairly large turtle a short distance away, apparently in the act of making its sandy nest. It seemed to be startled, with its neck stretched out to its full extent, gazing towards the river. Here was a find! I lived largely on turtle eggs these days, and I thought the turtle would make a tit-bit for the Indians. I approached cautiously, and calling to Manoel to head it off in case it made for the water, I pounced on my prey, and was chagrined to find it was perfectly dry and empty, though the head and neck still preserved a most life-like appearance. It had probably been killed by a tiger, which, for reasons already given, would keep clear of the dangerous mouth. It was a disappointment, but I left it still gazing vacantly over the river, awaiting the next hungry traveller who might spot him.

On Sunday we passed a restful day in an abandoned Indian hut, situated between two Carajá villages, about a mile apart. Visiting one of the latter I found the men above the average intelligence, and I could converse freely with several in Portuguese. I had a long talk with one Indian on the need and means of salvation through Jesus Christ. He was most attentive and appeared intelligently interested in what I said. This same Indian told me that a Dominican monk visited them lately and told him that their Order intended starting work shortly among the Carajás, making

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their centre at the Southern point of the Bananal Island. The Indian did not seem enthusiastic and considered the locality badly chosen. I spoke of our own intentions, and he replied that he considered work among his people would be difficult, as they are "very obstinate," but if we started a school he would certainly send his six children.

Early on Monday morning our Indians sighted a big "batalao" coming down the river, and signalized its approach with whoops and yells of delight, and that long before I could distinguish anything along the vast expanse of river ahead of us, and when at last I did perceive something, it was only as a little speck and might have been anything but the boat in question. But "batalao" it was, and a big one, loaded with over six tons of farinha and other food, bound for the city of Conceição, in the State of Para, situated on the banks of the Araguaya, 300 miles below the Tapirapé. I felt a strange feeling of excitement at again meeting some of my own race, there being two white men and eight half-castes on board, and especially so when (as I had hoped) I found that the pilot had letters for me from Goyaz. The pilot told me that they were travelling with great difficulty, having to continually unload part of their cargo on the river bank in order to pass some of the sandbanks, which choke the channel of the river. Bidding farewell to these travellers, I dived under my tolda and was soon immersed in a long and delightful letter from my dear wife, full of good news and good things, of a most refreshing char-

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acter. There was a bunch of papers, too, and I soon forgot all about the Araguaya and its Indians in perusing their contents.

Early on Tuesday morning we reached São Jose, where the Brazilians seemed really glad to see me, and I soon found them to be eager for another Gospel meeting. The village schoolmaster was now in full agreement with all I said, and a night meeting was soon arranged for. Meanwhile I crossed over to the Indian village on the broad sandbank facing S. Jose, consisting of two large cabins with about thirty Indians in all. The men were rather coarse-looking and the woman ill-favoured, but the children were splendid, and I scattered the remainder of my gifts among them.

As soon as it grew dark, Senhor Antonio's house was crowded with men, women and children, and I had much freedom in giving God's message to a most attentive and sympathetic audience of about 60 people, among whom I noticed the bright red, naked forms of some Carajá Indians, looking on in amazement, but I fear understanding very little of what was said. It was an impressive scene, all the more so perhaps because of the dim uncertain light of the solitary taper of black beeswax, which threw a fitful gleam around on the upturned faces.

After singing a concluding hymn I invited questions, but none were forthcoming, several men saying they were satisfied with what they had heard, so I pointed out God's promise in James i. 5 as their sure safeguard against false doctrine and safe



A Scene on the Araguaya.

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guidance in the way of eternal life. Then, after prayer, I bid them all farewell collectively, and hurrying down to the river embarked my scattered crew, when we poled up a couple of miles to a friendly bank and passed a cool, agreeable night, stretched out on the soft, clean sand.

For two more days we patiently poled away, with the feeling that we were coming back to a more or less civilized land, though it is true that the civilization is of a low order, and only represented by some dozen Brazilian huts in the course of about 150 miles. One disagreeable proof of this change is the smoky atmosphere from the numerous forest fires around, where clearings are being made in the brushwood and forest in preparation for the approaching rains.

That same night I saw another tiger and unfortunately it was on the very sandbank on which we intended to pass the night. However, one of the Indians fired the neighbouring jungle and we saw no more of our spotted neighbour. As a matter of fact, I became so accustomed to the proximity of these animals that I took my usual quiet walk over the sands each night far away from the camp, and often treading in the very footprints of a tiger or a wolf, without feeling nervous or caring to carry any weapon with me.

On the evening of the second day above S. Jose we sighted the Carajá village of Chichas, and soon found that during our absence of a little over a month, the large village had all been split up, owing to the violent behaviour of one of the chief's

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sons, who struck his uncle with a club, when the latter prevented him from killing a Carajá woman. Bad blood resulted, and the chief (whom I found had recovered from his illness), moved to a sand-bank half a mile down the river, the remainder removing their cabins about the same distance higher up.

Before reaching this second and larger part of the village, I saw that something unusual was transpiring, and a tall Indian came running towards the edge of the nearest bank brandishing a long black spear with a large bunch of bright feathers attached. I also perceived that a group of young warriors were drawn up in double line, close by their village and in full war paint. What did it mean? My Carajás were evidently embarrassed, and the accompanying ubá was manifestly trying to escape notice behind our igarité. It soon became clear that the demonstration on shore had something to do with the six Indians of my escort, so I drew up to the river's bank and signified my intention of spending the night there. My three Carajás and the three in the ubá were at once captured in a friendly way, and all disembarked, while our two canoes were poled down the river a short distance to a dry bank near the village by these warlike Indians, who took full possession of us and our property without protest. The six captives certainly looked most doleful and hung their heads, covering their faces with their long hair, while they stood in a group about fifty yards from the line of befeathered warriors.



Group of Carajá Indians.

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A young fellow, painted black all over, ran forward from the ranks to meet them, with a palm leaf in his hand, and after making some rapid enquiry and receiving a reply, he returned to his place. When within thirty paces the new arrivals halted, and immediately two of the biggest Indians facing them danced out to meet them, keeping perfect time together, advancing sideways and making a high pitched noise, rather resembling the falling note of a whistling rocket. The whole thing had a very defiant fling about it, and my Carajás looked more depressed than ever. The dancers, after almost jumping on the toes of their imaginary enemies, returned to their ranks and a minute afterwards repeated the same jerky step, without any response from the opposite party. Then two other smart and picturesque looking savages sprang out, with the same performance and war cry, but on reaching my Indians one of them stopped and crouched down with bent back in the attitude of a wrestler. It appeared to be a challenge to combat. He waited perfectly motionless for some moments and then again returned to the rank, while I perceived that my companions were growing more and more troubled of mind. Yet again two young warriors jumped out with warlike dance and cry of defiance, and an Indian woman sprang in and joined them. This was too much to endure, and when again they retired, leaving a young challenger bent and motionless, I saw Tchana lift his head and then advancing in front of his companions he faced his opponent in a similar attitude. Then began an exciting wrestling match, in which

the splendid physique and matchless forms of the Indians appeared to great advantage. The struggle was a keen one and the men were well matched, and seemed to be expert wrestlers, as are most young Carajás. Everybody watched intently each turn, twist and trick of the contenders, until suddenly both fell together and the result was therefore not final. After a short rest the wrestling was renewed, and nobody could say who had the advantage, until with a sudden struggle Tchana lay on his back and with a whoop the other returned to his place. These proceedings terminated, the newcomers were conducted to the village and food was placed before them on the reed mats, but their shyness seemed to be so invincible that they could hardly muster up courage to eat, and their embarrassment was increased by a circle of friendly, admiring women and children, to whom they dare not raise their eyes.

While they were still eating a shout was raised, and looking up I saw a redskin running like a deer over the sands, and reaching the water he still ran on into a shallow, sandy bay, until when about 20 yards out he sat down in the water and yelled for the rest to go and help. I ran with a few others and found it to be one of the many ingenious ideas of the Indians to catch fish. On the deep edge of a sandbank they build up the sand with their hands, so as to form a wall encircling the bay, disguised by about an inch of water and with one deep narrow entrance from the outside river. Refuse food is occasionally thrown in to attract the fish, generally of a kind called pacu, which much resembles a

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small plaice, and which generally travels in large shoals. When any number of fish enter the trap, the surface of the water soon betrays their presence to the keen eye of some Carajá in the village, who immediately makes a bee line for the narrow entrance and sitting down in it prevents the fish escaping, and with the help of others, generally the women and children, the fish are all caught by hand, sometimes several hundred at a time.

Dinner over and darkness rapidly succeeding, all at once the light of a big bonfire shone out across the sands from the "casa do bicho" (described on page 62), and a sound resembling a big rattle was heard. The "danca do bicho" was about to begin. Accompanied by several of the more elderly Carajás, I strolled over the sands in the bright moonlight to the hut, outside which a big fire was burning, and lying stretched out around the blazing logs were all the men and youths of the village, engrossed in silently watching a mechanical kind of song and dance, in which the chief performers were the two Indians, Daoori and Tchana.

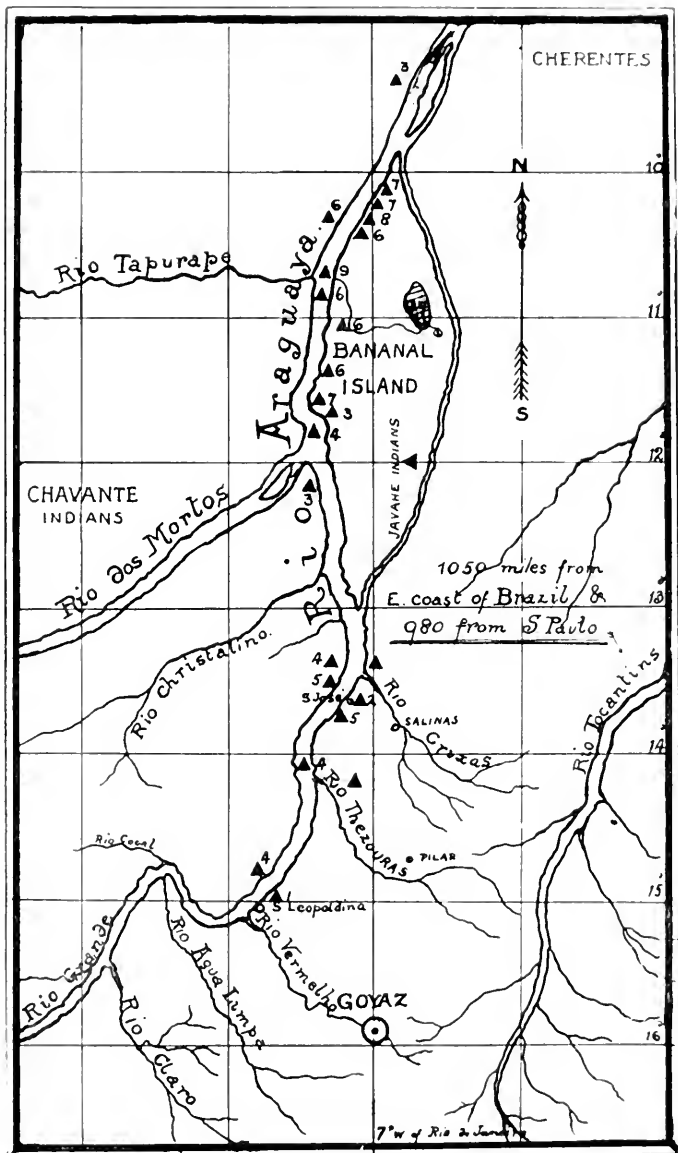
Finding the sand was cooling too much I left the group, and making my way across to the igarité, turned in for the night beneath the tolda, as the sand was too damp to sleep on. The Indians kept up their dancing for some hours later, and all my Carajás had heavy colds in consequence of their over-dressed performance.

Soon after leaving by sunrise next day a young Indian came running after us, and stopping our boat he coolly stepped in and took his seat without

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a word. As he carried bow and arrows and a big club I imagined he was out hunting and wanted to take advantage of our canoe for a few miles, though the most elaborate and freshly made design on his face, breast, arms, and legs seemed uncalled for. Finally, after some hours, I managed to get out of him that he intended going to Goyaz with me and at my expense. I did not fall in with this idea, however, having already as many Carajás on my hands as I could manage, so I left him on the next sandbank, much against his inclination. Had I cared to do so, I could have brought a dozen young Indians, who were willing to remain with me in the city of Goyaz as O-di-di had done, in order to learn the white man's life. This disposition might prove of great value when work is eventually started among these people, but at the time one was all that I could manage.

I began to suffer considerably with the sand flies, and the next two days were anything but agreeable, so that I was anxious to reach Leopoldina, and obliged the men to push on until late each night. On Sunday rest was impossible, and I was feeling ill from this constant torment, so we continued our way, keeping as near the centre of the river as possible. We halted for breakfast at the mouth of Lake Cangas, which we entered later and found to be extensive and very deep, fringed by dark, dense forests, evidently a favourite haunt for crocodiles, which float lazily on the water's surface here and there, with only the point of the nose and tail appearing in view.



Map of the Territory to which this narrative relates, showing the Carajá Villages on and near Bananal Island.

The pyramids represent Villages, and the number of huts in each Village is given, each hut averaging ten occupants.

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In order to avoid another day's torment I resolved to travel all that night so as to be able to reach our destination early on Monday morning, and sitting back under my tolda I made the following last entry in my diary.

"It is now about eleven o'clock and I make these last entries with difficulty, owing to the uneven swing of the boat and the uncertain light of my small paraffin lantern. Outside facing me in the foreground are four dusky pairs of legs, marching to and fro at regular intervals. About every five seconds there is a loud splash, as they drop their poles to the river's bed, and then there is the thud of their bare feet as they run along the narrow splash-board. Beyond these legs I see a dim expanse of water, lighted up by the yellow moon-light, dim with the smoky atmosphere, while to the left and right, two black, irregular streaks tapering away into the night are the Goyaz and Matto Grosso shores of the Araguaya. It is lovely and cool, and there are no flies, which is a great relief, and I am rejoicing in the prospect of reaching Goyaz city in a week's time, for I feel as if I had been away six months, so many new and strange experiences have been crowded into the last five weeks."

Soon after midnight we rested for a spell, while the crew indulged in "jacuba" and some hot tea I made for them as a special treat, after which we pushed on again. Suddenly I heard a cock crow, and just ahead of us, perched on a high bank, there loomed out the white buildings of a

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farm, which I had hoped to reach some hours later. So well had the men worked at their poles that we were within three hours of our journey's end. Resting for the remainder of the night on a spit of sand stretching out to the centre of the river, by 9 o'clock the next morning, August 30th, we sighted the port of Leopoldina in the distance, notifying our approach by repeated blasts on the horn. Quite a crowd was at the water's edge to welcome us back to civilization and to home. But to reach the latter we still had before us a ride of another 130 miles, which we covered in three and a half days, arriving at the Capital on Saturday, 4th September.






Group of Brazilians and Indians, near Leopoldina.

Chapter VI.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

OOKING back upon the events of the journey which are recorded in this narrative I am filled with wonder and gratitude to God for all the many providences and blessings I have experienced during the past seven weeks. We had lack of nothing and the expedition proved to be well equipped in every way, and I had accomplished all that I had hoped to do. Looking forward I can only desire and pray that some great and eternal blessing may in God's own time and way result from my visit to the home of the Carajás. It remains for me, in this concluding chapter, to bring together some of the items of information which have thus been obtained and which may be useful in the future prosecution of missionary work among the Indians of Brazil; and first a few words upon the geographical features of this little known district.

The River Araguaya, with many twists and turns, flows in a northerly direction from Santa Leopoldina towards its final outlet in the great estuary of the Amazon, and is freely navigable all the year round for over 800 miles of its downward course, but beyond this distance it is broken by a long series of dangerous cataracts, which make

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ordinary navigation perilous, if not impossible. Above Leopoldina the river takes an easterly curve, rising in the neighbourhood of the Cayapó Mountains, about latitude 18, longitude 10. It is navigable throughout a large extent of its course, though somewhat interrupted by small cataracts, especially in the dry season of the year, when the river is very low. About 400 miles north of Leopoldina the river splits into two channels, the Maior and Menor (the Greater and Lesser), which meet again 300 miles lower down, only to separate anew, forming a second large island about 40 miles in length.

The maps of this part of South America are generally incorrect and defective, both with regard to the shape and extent of these islands and as to the lakes and rivers in their vicinity.

The Bananal Island is about 240 miles in length and 50 or 60 miles at its greatest width, and is exclusively inhabited by the Carajá Javahé Indians, the nearest white inhabitants being over 120 miles distant from any part of the island.

The eastern branch, or “furo” as it is called, is only navigable in the flood season and then with considerable risk, as, in places where the river narrows, trees and sunken snags obstruct the way, while numerous reptiles and venomous flies make things unbearable. Account must also be taken of the doubtful attitude of those Indians who inhabit the huge, unexplored territory between the Bananal Island and the Tocantins River, who often infest

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this district with warlike intentions. This journey, however, has been made at least on one occasion.

Near this eastern branch of the Araguaya are found the villages of the Javahé Indians, a reasonably peaceful tribe, differing very little in language, appearance, or in their customs from the Carajás, who inhabit the opposite shores of the island. In the dry season of the year this channel often dries up completely, as I found it on this occasion.

The western channel is broad and freely navigable all the year round, though in the flood season the current is very severe for canoes ascending the river. The Carajás are almost always found on the eastern side of the main stream, on the island itself, or on some clean, broad sandbank in the centre of the river, where they doubtless feel more secure from their dreaded enemies, the Cherentes, who roam over the whole country bordering the western, or Matto Grosso side of the Araguaya, but who are never known to use canoes, a distinctive art peculiar to the Carajás.

Without doubt, any future missionary station established among these redskins would find its home on the shores of the great island referred to, somewhere near the mouths of the rivers Rio dos Mortos or Tapirapé, where the ground is elevated, and clear of the high-water mark of the floods; where access to other Indian tribes is facilitated and where also may be found the indispensable sandbanks with which these Indians are so in-

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separably connected. In Chapter IV. I have mentioned one of the villages of this district as possessing many advantages for the establishment of a Mission Station.

The nearest base for communications or supply would be the port of Santa Leopoldina. To reach this port, however, by travelling up stream in an ordinary *igarité* (dug-out canoe) would involve a journey of several weeks hard work, and the communication might be greatly facilitated by the use of a small steam launch, of about two feet draught. Such a little vessel would also be very useful, if not absolutely necessary, for the proper exploration of the rivers referred to, or others where Indian tribes are found, for it is difficult to obtain a native crew who would face the perils of such expeditions in an ordinary dug-out. This launch could, without difficulty, be sent up the river from Pará, without any land transport.

Timber of the finest quality in the world is to be found all along the river bank, and the soil is eminently favourable for the cultivation of maize, rice, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, mandioca root, and cotton. The fringe of forest is in many places a narrow one, and beyond it are stretches of verdant pasture land of magnificent quality. There are many varieties of wild fowl, deer, and an extraordinary abundance of fish of all kinds and sizes, good for food, besides the oil-producing fish, such as the boto, and the two varieties of river turtles which furnish both food and oil.

I have already mentioned, incidentally, the

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distribution of the various Indian tribes whose scattered settlements are to be found in or near the valley of the Araguaya. In the course of our journey I must have personally met with about 800 Carajás, but as we missed several villages in the side-channels of the river, I think the total number south of the Tapirapé would amount to about 1,000, while from all accounts that we received, there must be nearly an equal number along the banks of the Araguaya to the north of the Tapirapé. This estimate does not include the Jahavés in the interior of the island, who are practically Carajás also, and who have some five or six villages of about 200 inhabitants in each. The following list may be taken as giving the approximate numbers of the Indians upon the Bananal Island or in its neighbourhood :—

Carajás	2,000
"	Jahavé	say	...	1,000
Chavantes	"	2,000
Carajás Tapirapés	"	500

None of these have yet been contaminated by Rome, as is also true of very many other Indian tribes to the west of this district.

The *language* of the Carajá Indians has nothing in common with the Portuguese: it is soft and pleasing to the ear, and apparently not very difficult to acquire, as I was able, upon so short an acquaintance, to compile a small vocabulary of about 300 words in general use.

The incidents that have been described in

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this narrative will perhaps serve to illustrate the *general character* of the Carajás, their family life, and their happy natural disposition, more clearly than anything that I could add to convey my own impressions.

I cannot say that the Carajás are exactly hospitable, nor would they understand the significance of the word, but certainly they are kindly and sometimes affectionately disposed, being quick to note and appreciate anything done for their benefit, and especially when it concerns their children, to whom they are remarkably attached. On the several occasions on which I was able to make myself understood, some of the more responsible Indians manifested an eager desire for instruction, and my hint of a future work among them was hailed with delight and promises of co-operation.

These Indians are indeed very much like children in many ways, and apt to get pettish if not humoured, but if they are treated patiently and courteously there is nothing to fear at their hands, and it is possible to go in and out and to trust yourself alone among them without incurring any risk, unless indeed they are influenced or excited by some outside cause. Though they have no religious faith, I feel convinced that the Gospel of Jesus Christ will achieve a great triumph among these people, who are worthy of all that money, toil, tears and prayers can do for them.

Surely there are many gifted and accomplished young men in the Church of Christ who would

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eagerly give up their days for such a purpose and calling, were the means at hand to effect it. I say "accomplished" because I realize that men without culture and training could scarcely undertake this pioneer work. They must be chosen from among those who know how to direct, organize and teach, and they should also be capable of acquiring some knowledge of agriculture, joinery and the use of small hand looms, ere taking up such a ministry. They must be healthy men, of proved patience and faith, and willing to endure all things, even unto death.

Any work undertaken for these people must be prepared to help them materially also, for they are miserably poor. This can be done without any excessive outlay and without pauperising the Indians, the principal requirements being : simple upright looms ; large hoes and other agricultural tools ; apparatus for making farinha ; a small sugar crushing mill, and some elementary carpentry tools :—in short, all such rudimentary industrial appliances as would enable them to meet their own simple needs by their own industry and the cultivation of their own natural resources.

The good *moral qualities* which attract us so strongly to this interesting people have already been shortly mentioned. The Carajás indeed seem to be free from many of the common vices of humanity, preserving always an honourable self-respect, while they cultivate in every way the development of physical strength and perfection, for which they have a great admiration. Their

present ideas of *religion* do not appear to go beyond a general fear of evil spirits and a strong belief in the supernatural, with the accompaniment of certain grotesque practices and superstitious ideas. They do not yet possess *any conception of a personal God*, nor have they any word in their language which conveys that idea, unless it be the word "Ahado" (the moon), and they often gaze up into the sky repeating the words "Ahado edanaré"—literally "Moon is good."

And this state of spiritual darkness exists to-day after all the efforts of the Christian Church, in ancient and modern times.

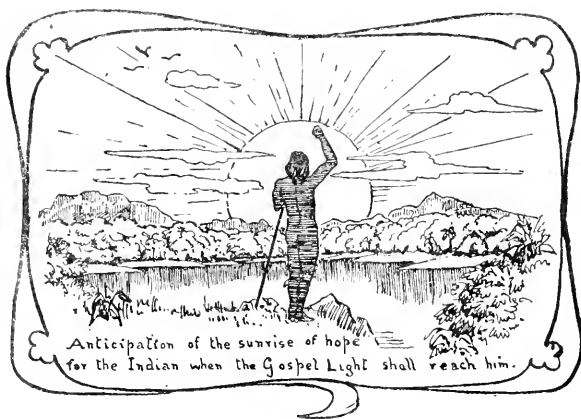
What permanent, visible result remains of the 400 years of unrivalled opportunity that Rome has had, through her faithful servants the Jesuits, and others, among the hundreds of tribes of South American Indians? Can anything be worse than the present condition of the Incas of Peru? As to this country, anyone who has read Southey's great work, "The History of Brazil," cannot but admire the self-sacrificing efforts of the early Jesuit fathers, who by their unrivalled organisation, and superior intelligence, as well as through the help and co-operation of the temporal powers of the realm, penetrated far into the then unknown interior, establishing convents and monasteries, building cities, and almost founding kingdoms among the aboriginal tribes.

Yet in the Southern States of Brazil, where the Jesuits concentrated their greatest efforts, nothing may now be found but the massive, moss-covered

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ruins of their cities and monasteries, and a horde of the most savage, indomitable and blood-thirsty Indians of the country, who are the terror of the white settler and explorer. Those tribes which have in the past been grafted into the Brazilian nation by the Romish Church's agencies now form perhaps the most debased, ignorant, and helpless section of her population. Compare this with what has been done in the last fifty years by Gospel messengers among the South Sea cannibals, the wild tribes of Uganda, or the inhabitants of Iceland, and how wonderful and blessed are the results of these. The preaching of "Christ and Him crucified," is surely the preaching that alone can meet the needs of humanity, savage or civilized, for His Gospel is the power of God unto salvation.

THE END.



Anticipation of the sunrise of hope
for the Indian when the Gospel Light shall reach him.

ERRATUM.

Page 73, second paragraph, instead of “casa do bicho” (described on page 62), should be : “(described on page 43).”



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